

HARVEY WORLD

RICHE RICH

CASH IN ON THRILLS AND LAUGHS



CASH

RICHE RICH

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

PDC 52723-5



APRIL No. 34

40c

RICHE RICH CASH CASH IN ON THRILLS AND LAUGHS

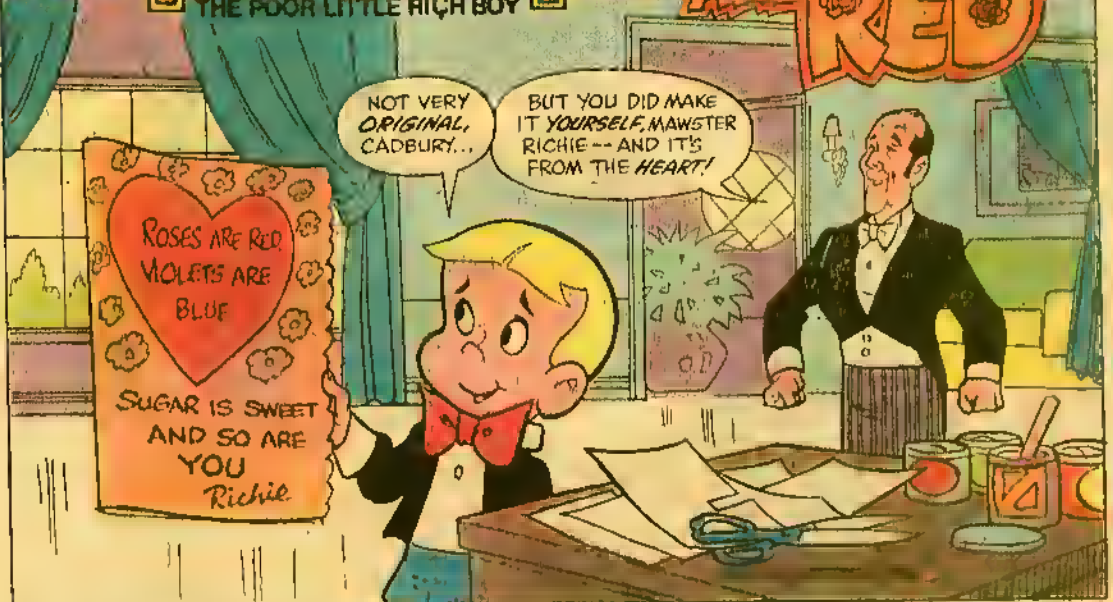
IT'S HALF CASH TEN!



RICHEE RICH

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

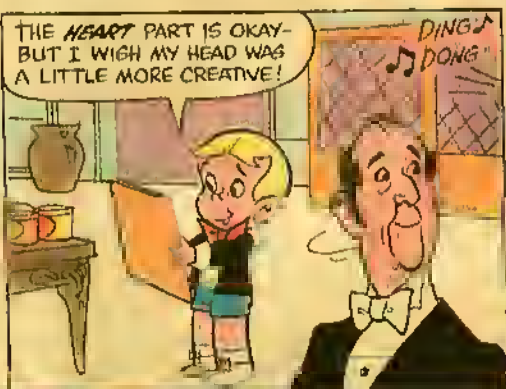
IN ROSES ARE RED



NOT VERY ORIGINAL, CADBURY...

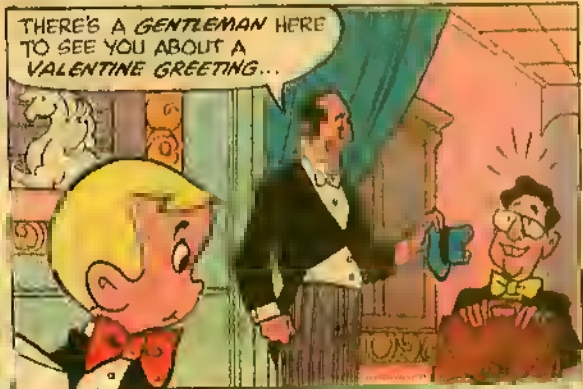
BUT YOU DID MAKE IT YOURSELF, MAWSTER RICHEE -- AND IT'S FROM THE HEART!

ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
SUGAR IS SWEET
AND SO ARE YOU
Richie

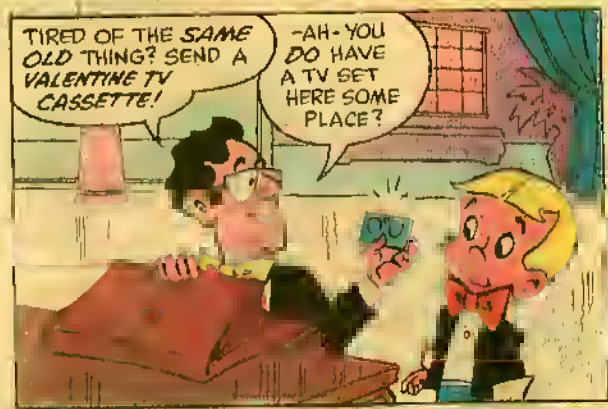


THE HEART PART IS OKAY-- BUT I WISH MY HEAD WAS A LITTLE MORE CREATIVE!

DING-DONG



THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE TO SEE YOU ABOUT A VALENTINE GREETING...



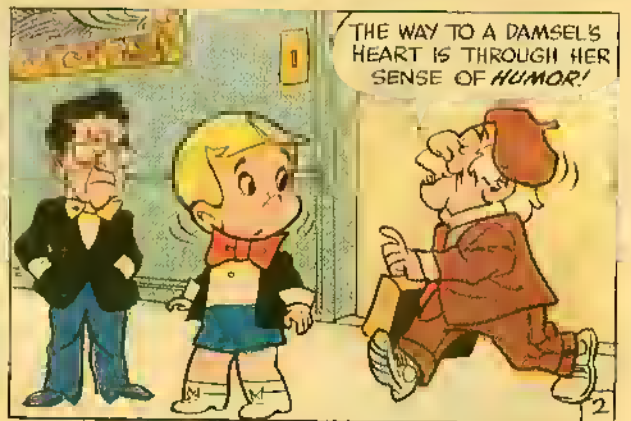
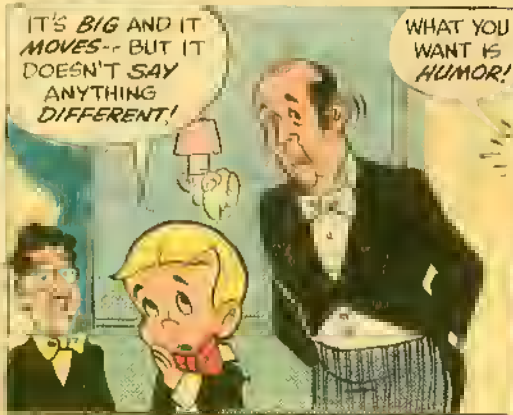
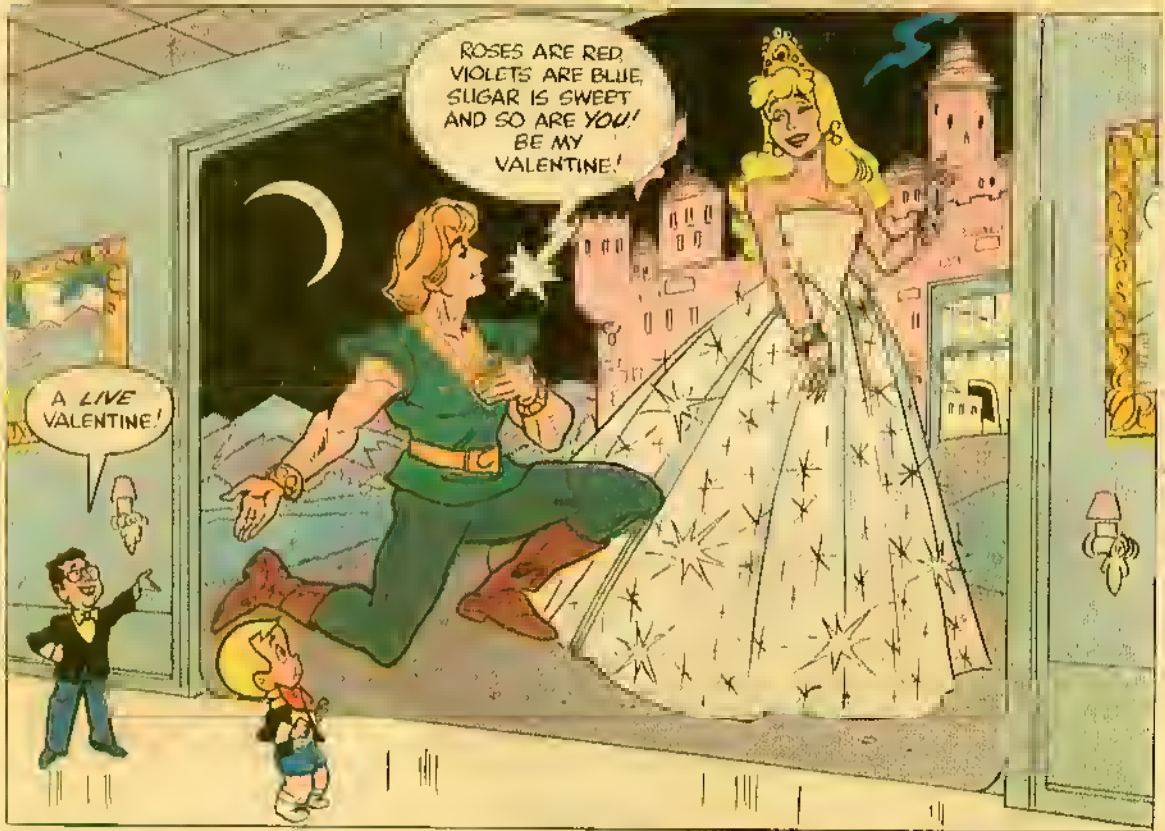
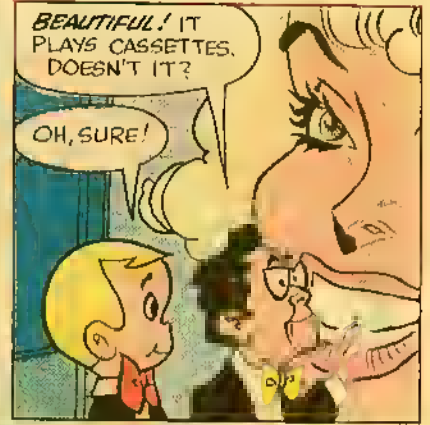
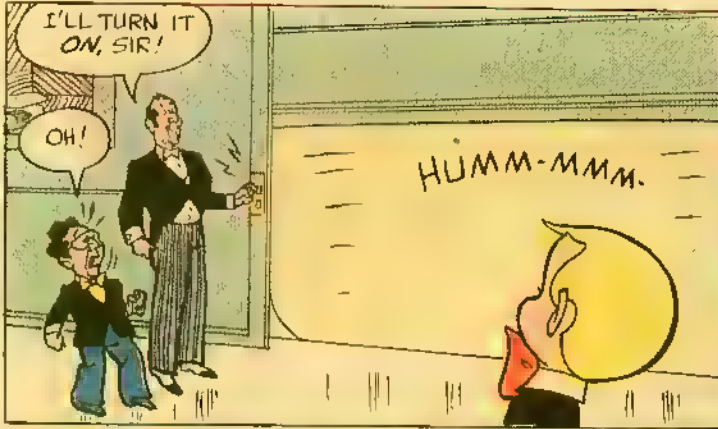
TIRED OF THE SAME OLD THING? SEND A VALENTINE TV CASSETTE!

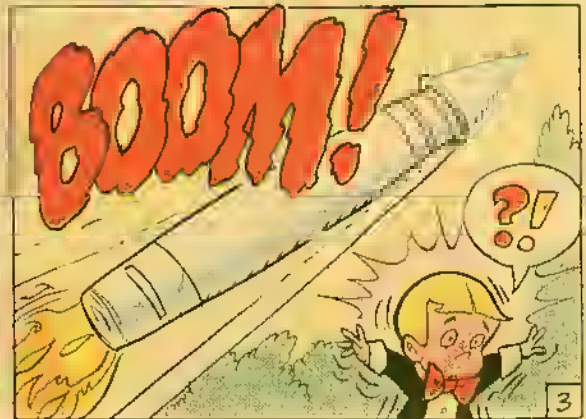
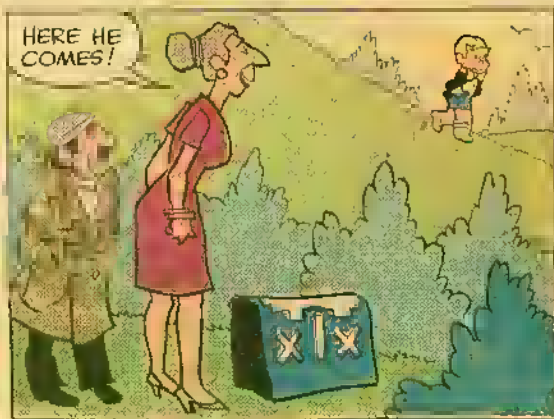
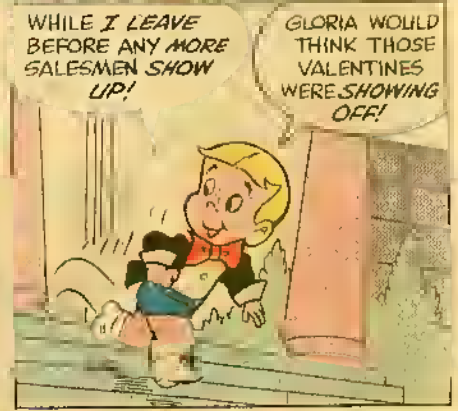
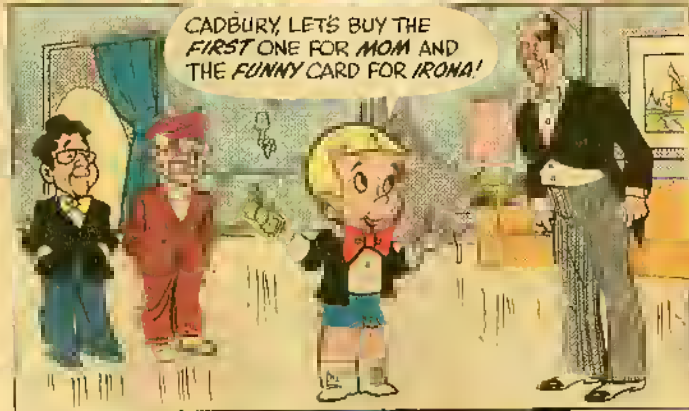
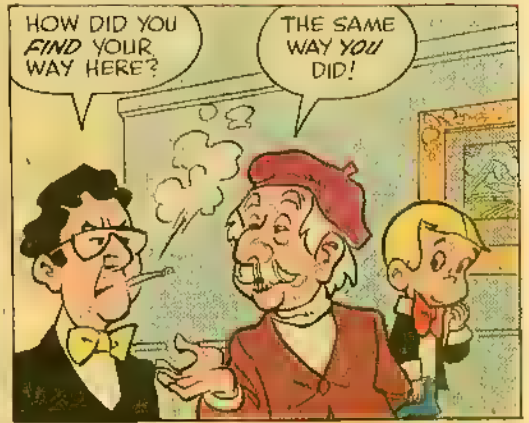
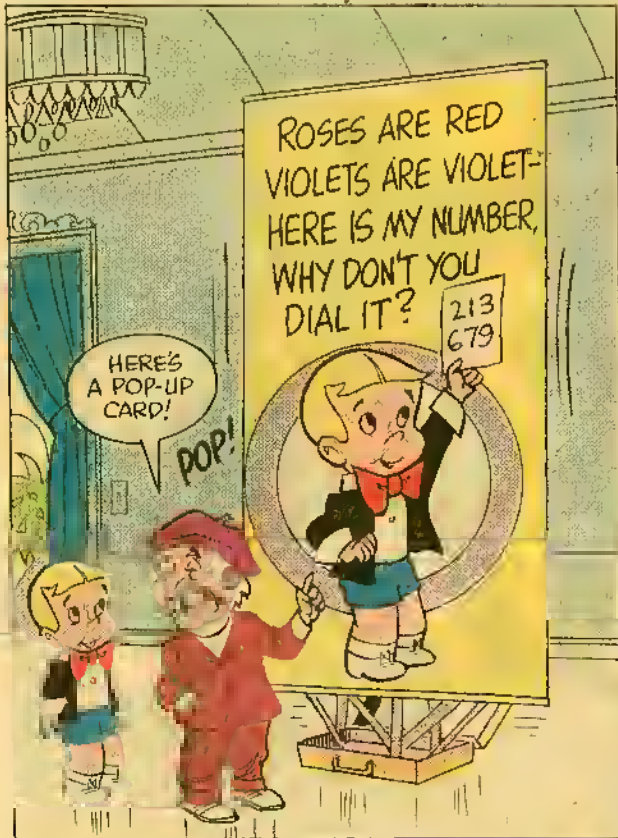
-AH-YOU DO HAVE A TV SET HERE SOME PLACE?

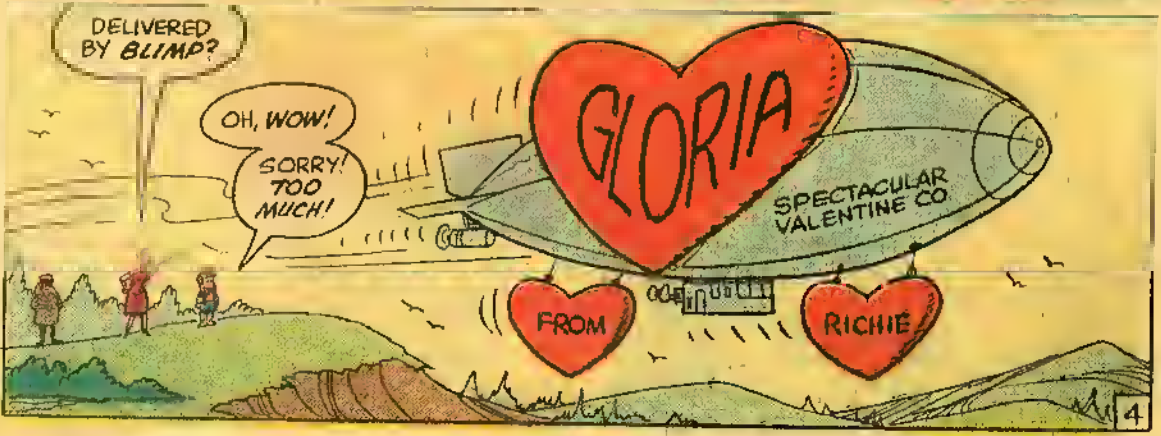
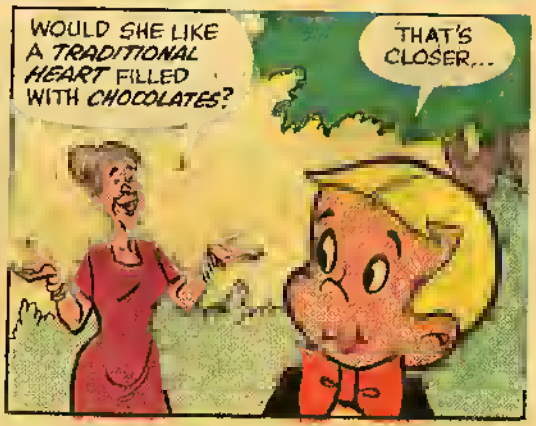
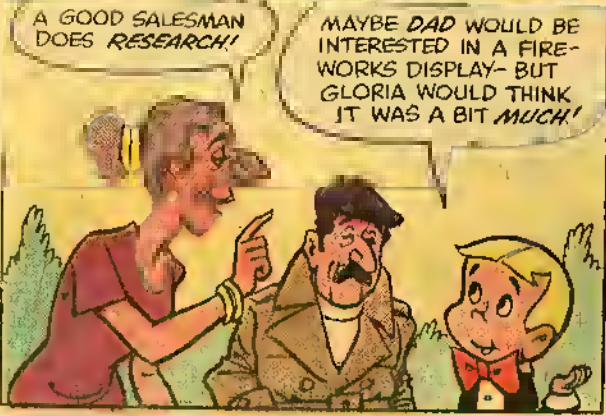


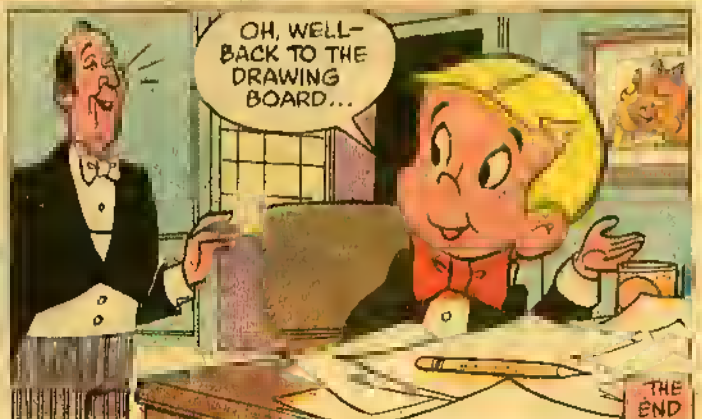
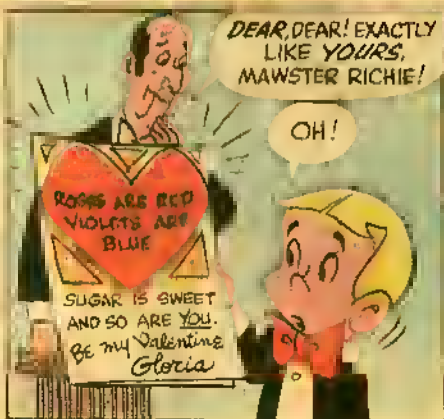
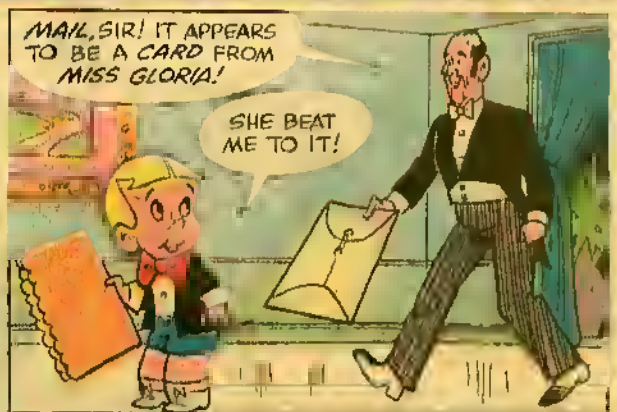
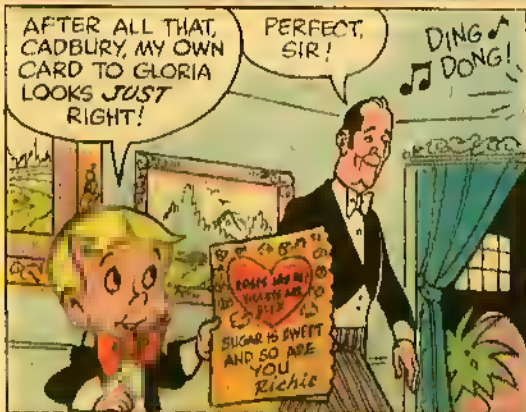
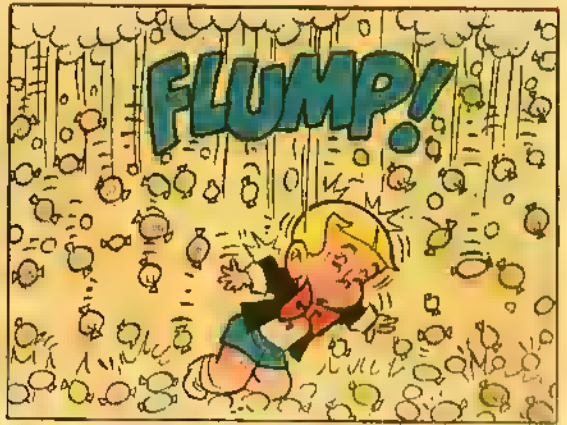
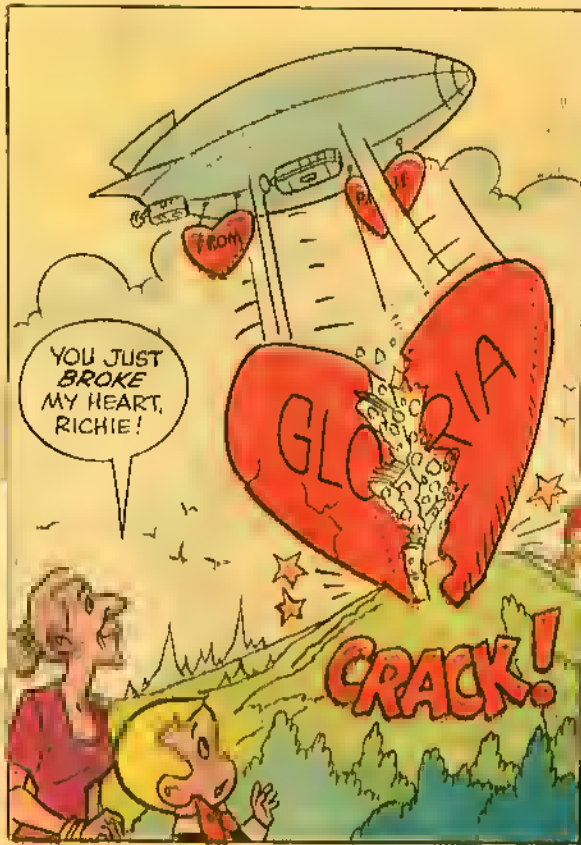
RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

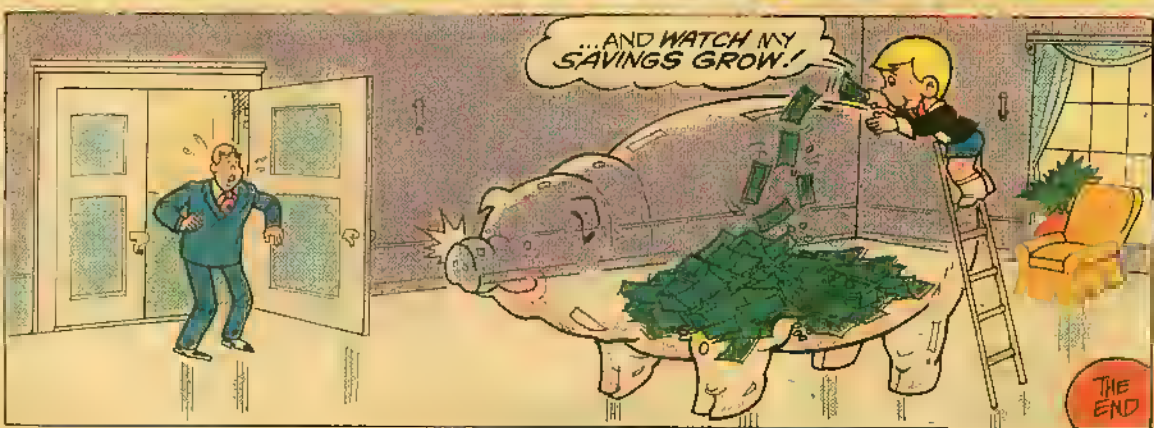
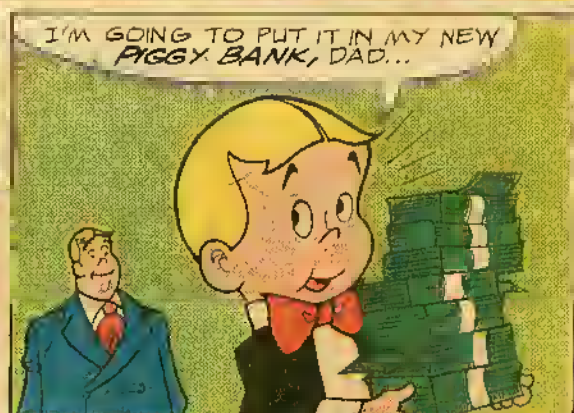
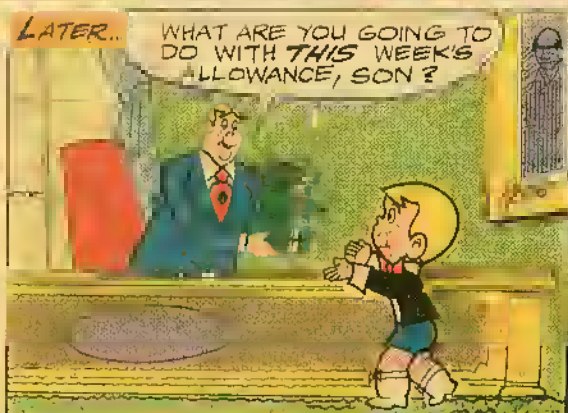
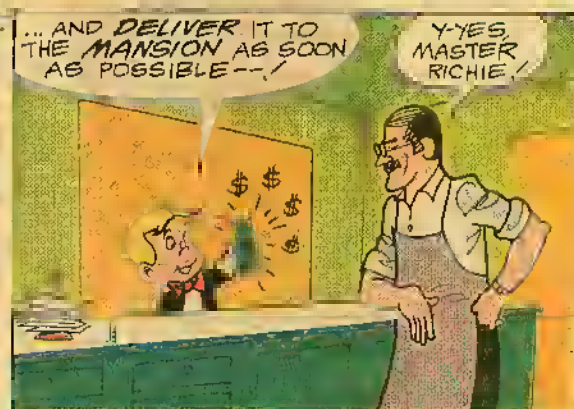
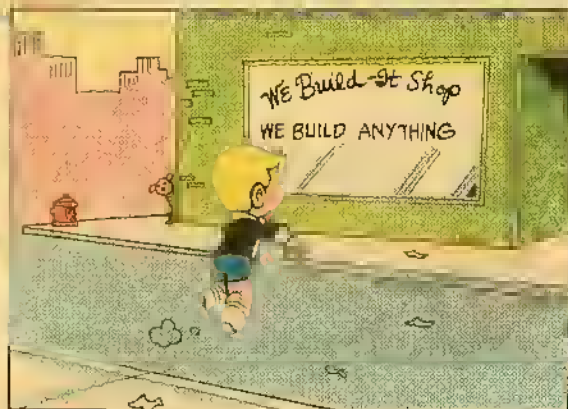
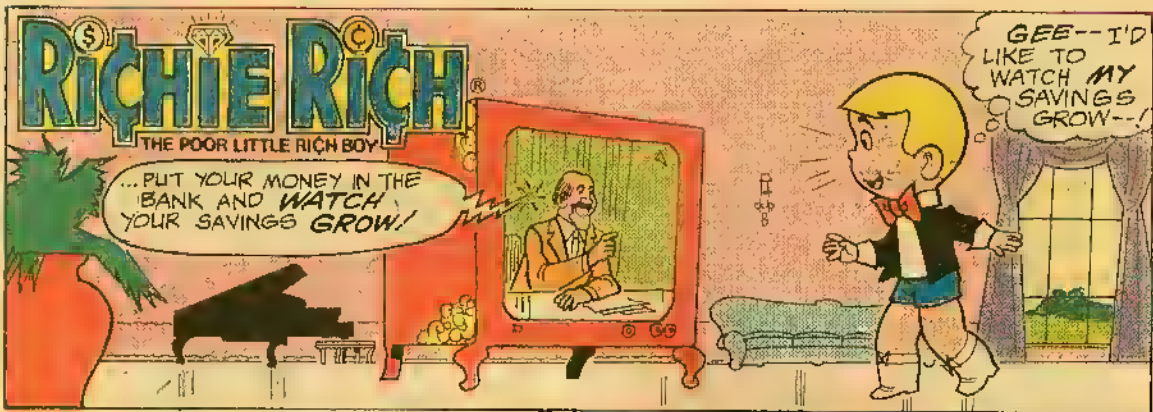
I DON'T SEE ONE...











RICHIE RICH

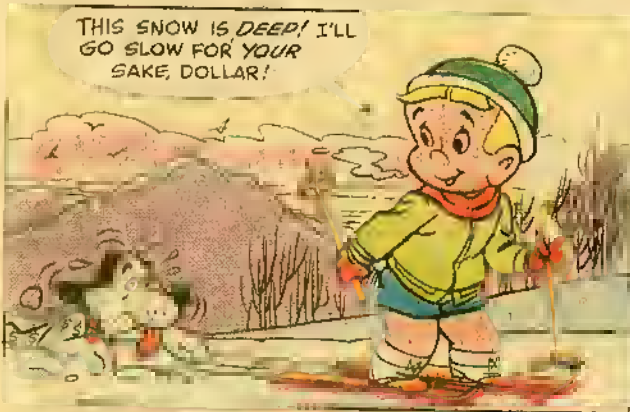
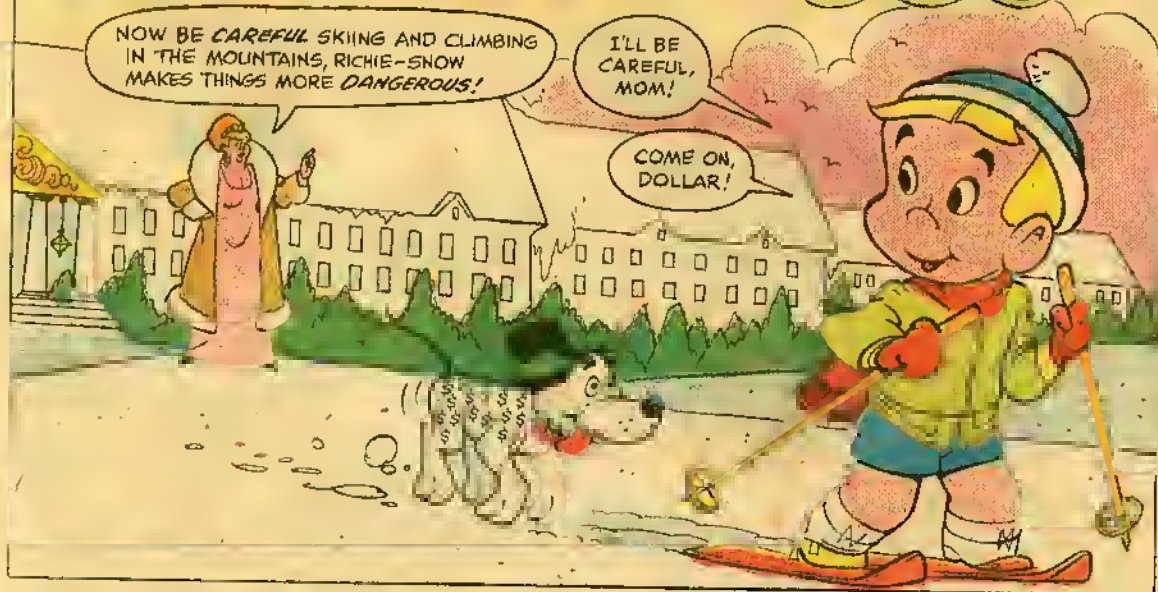
THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

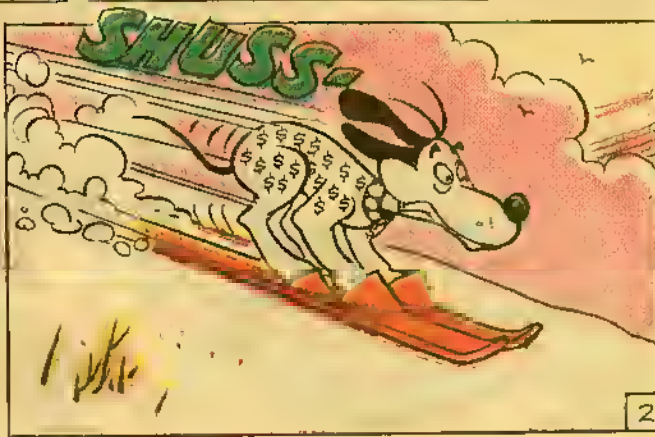
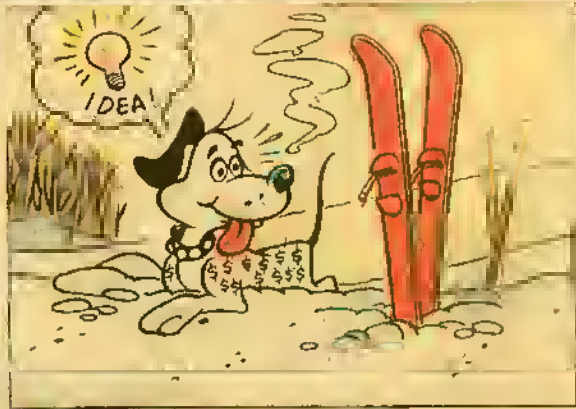
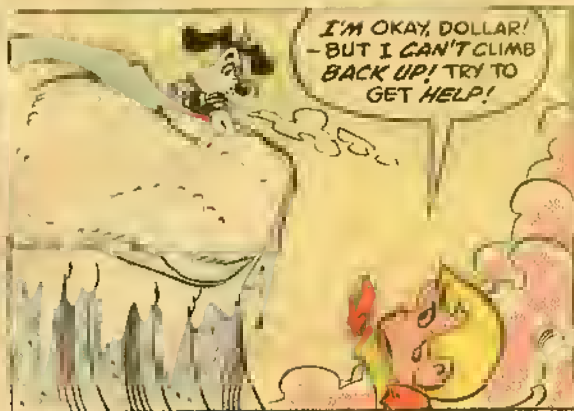
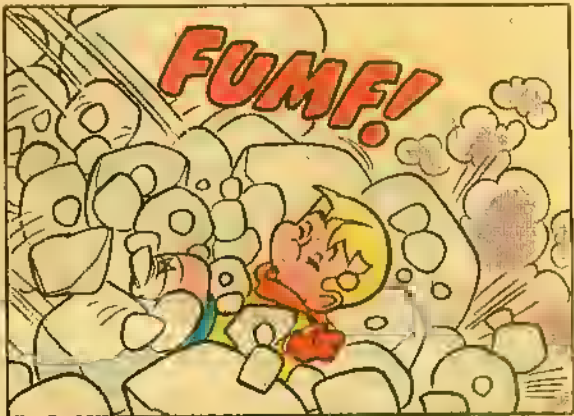
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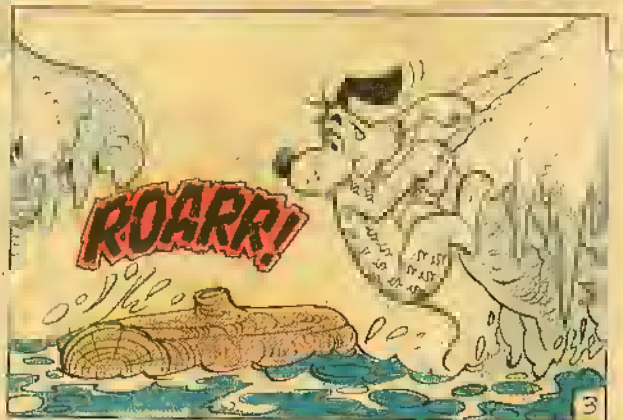
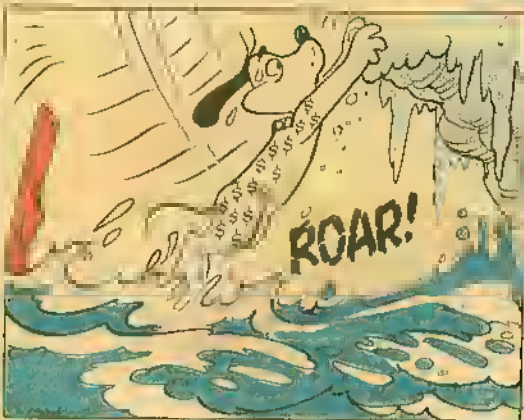
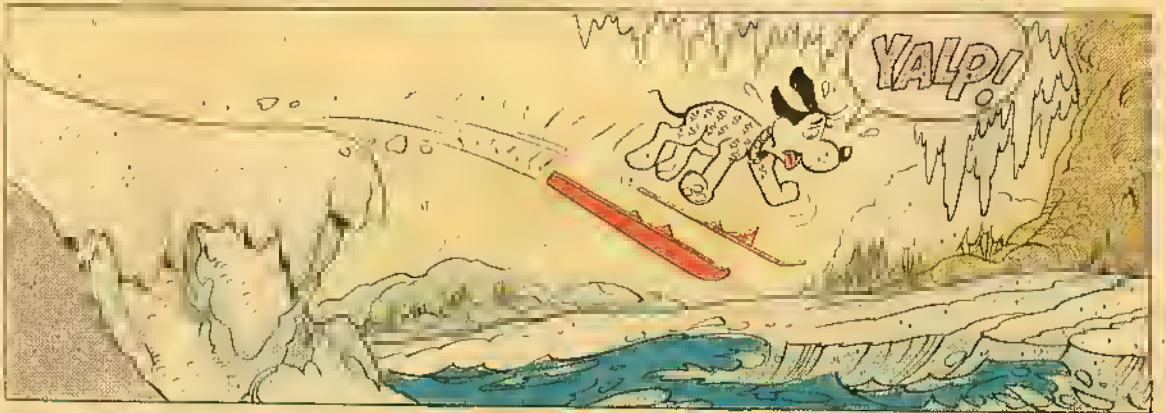
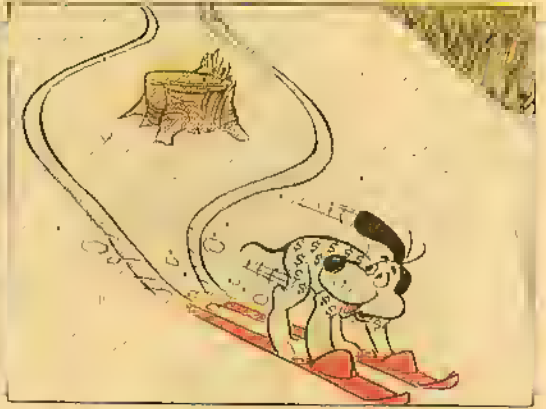
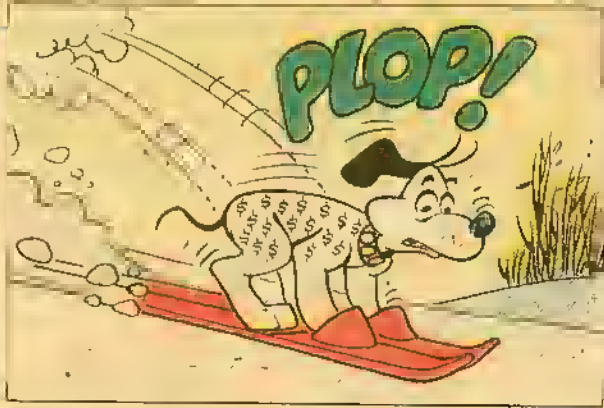
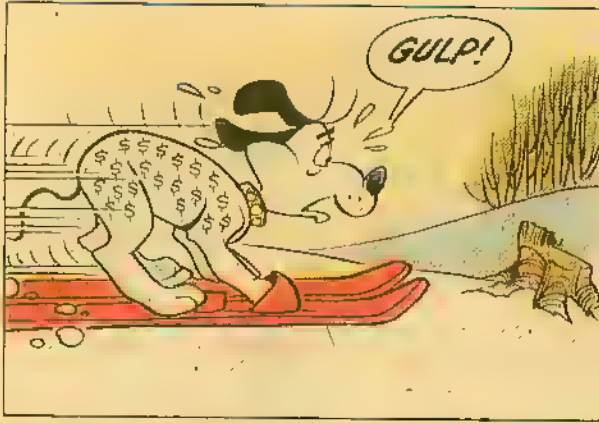
DOLLAR

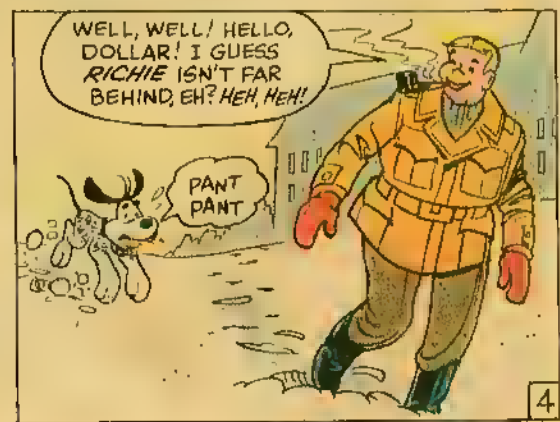
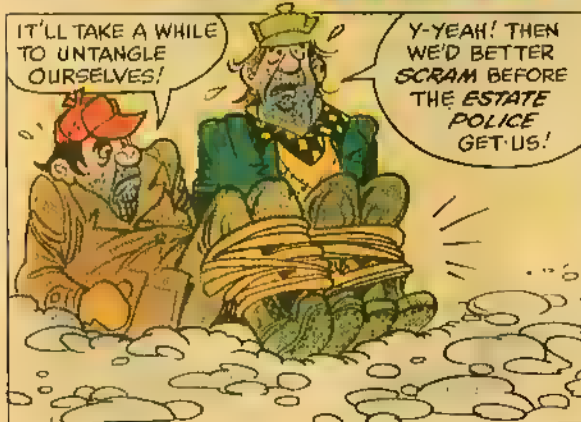
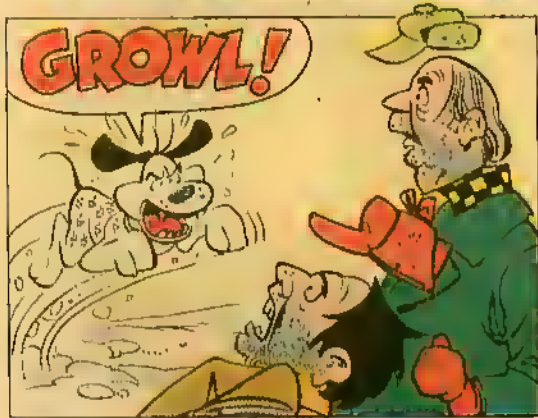
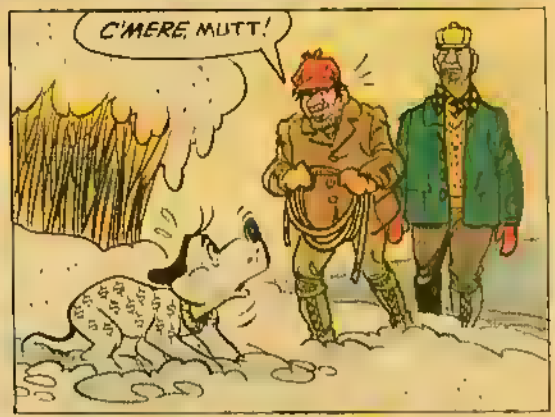
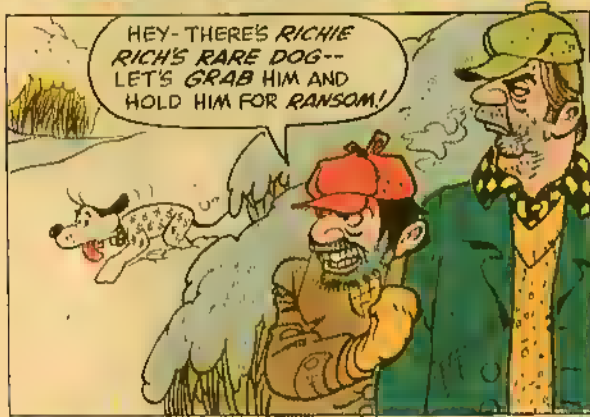
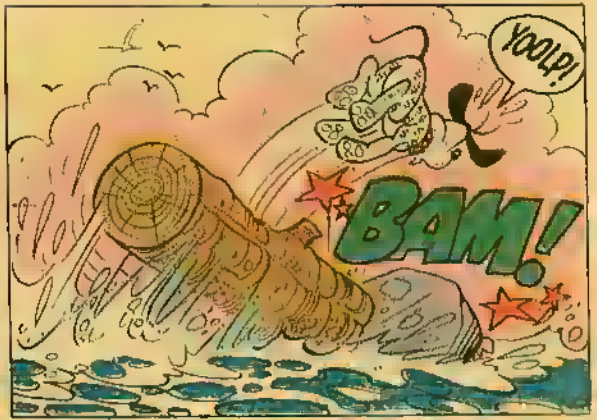
THE DOG

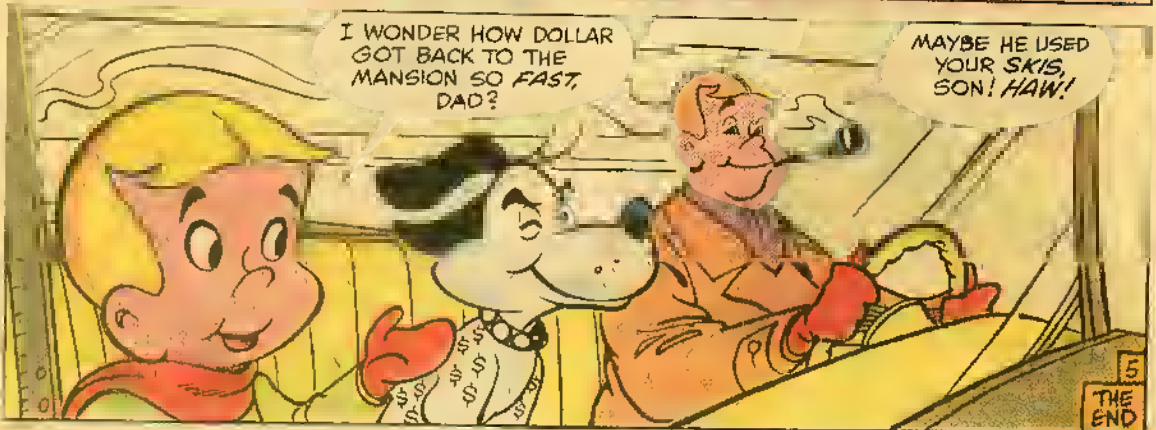
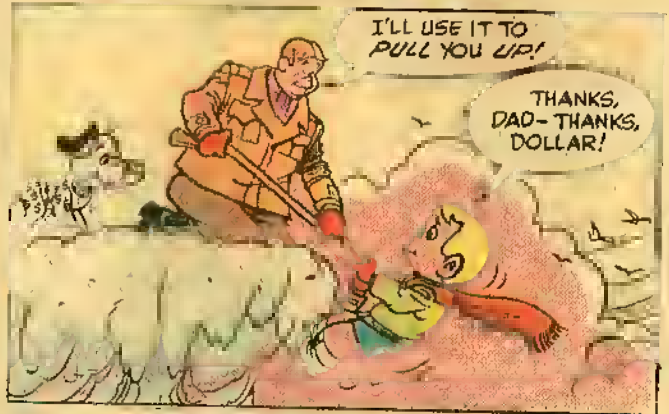
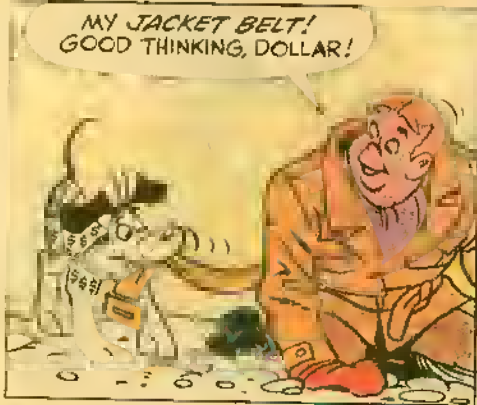
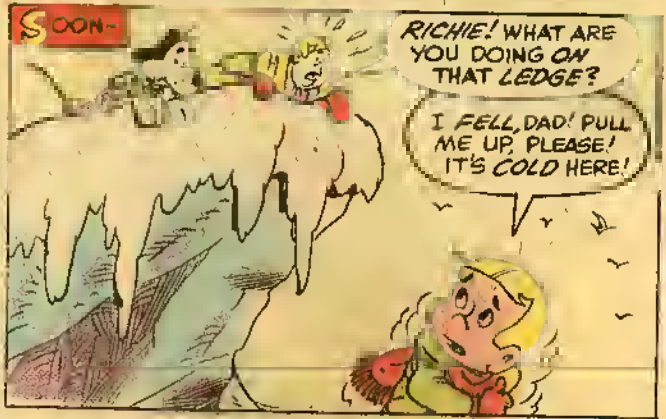
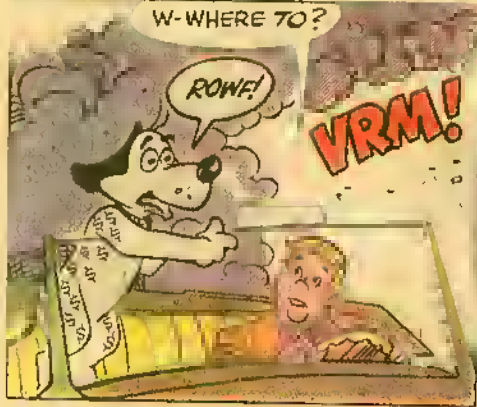
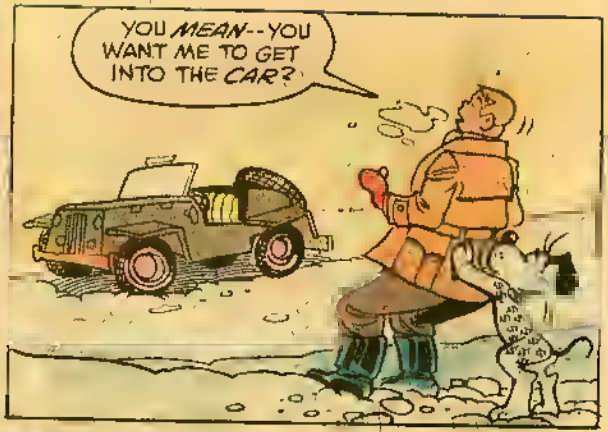
Companion DOG





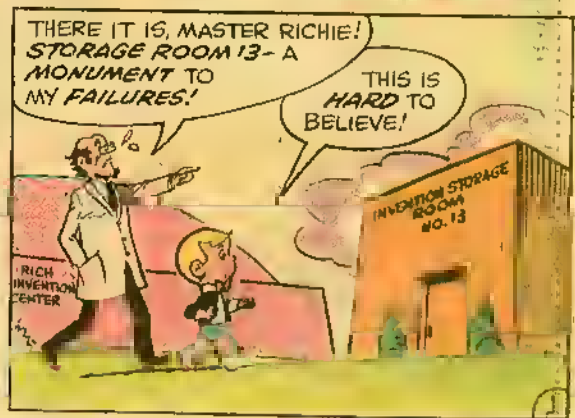
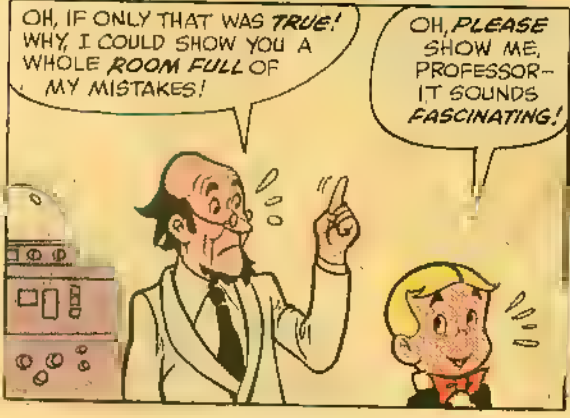
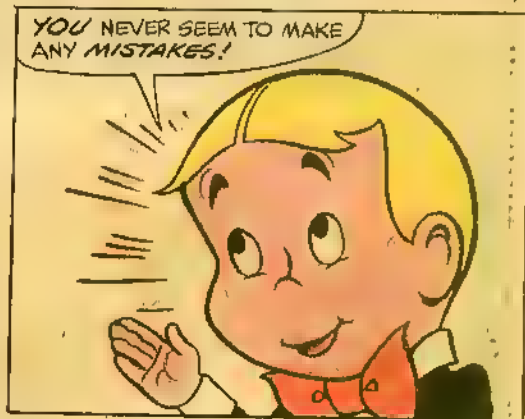
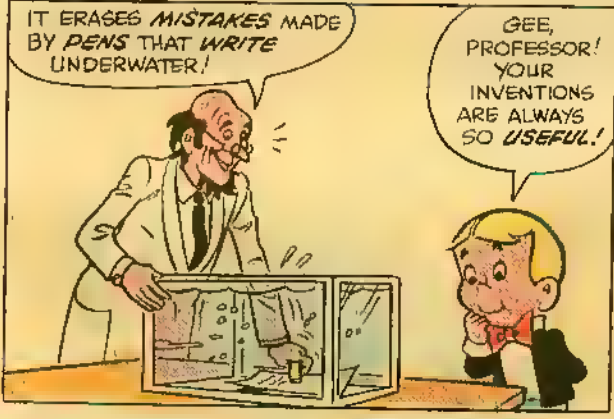
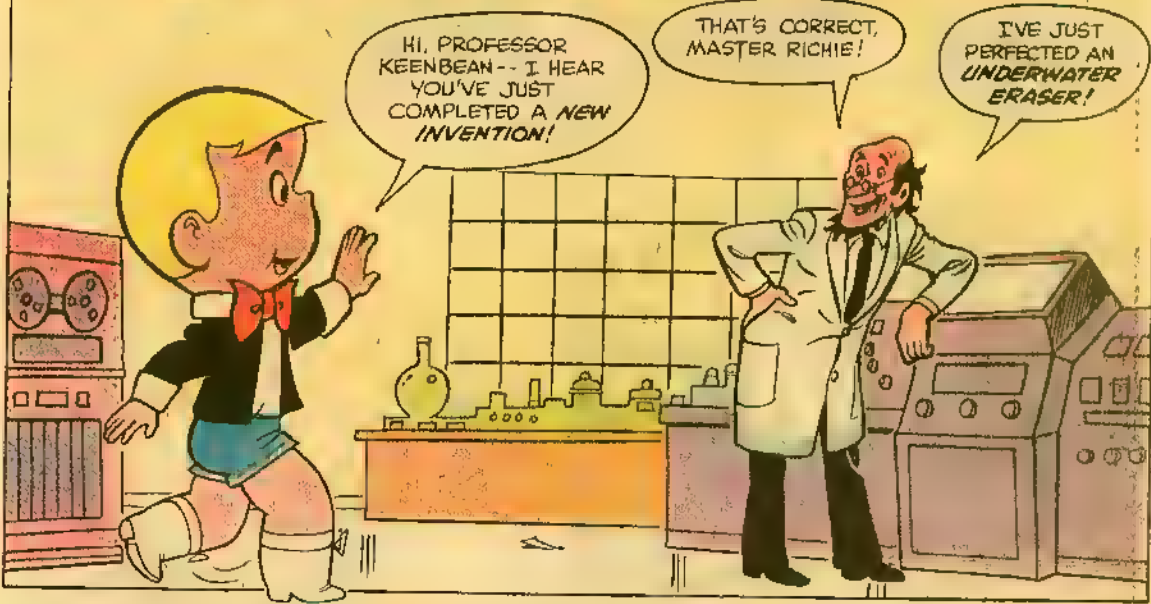


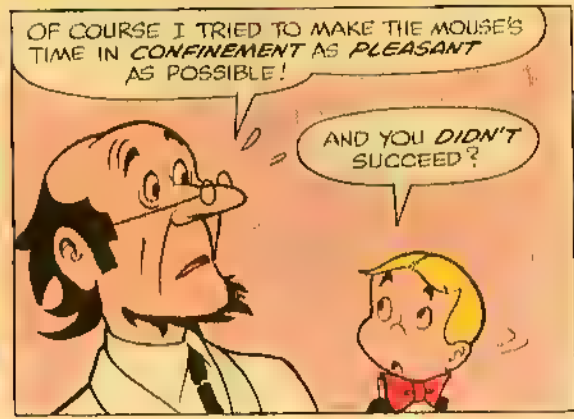
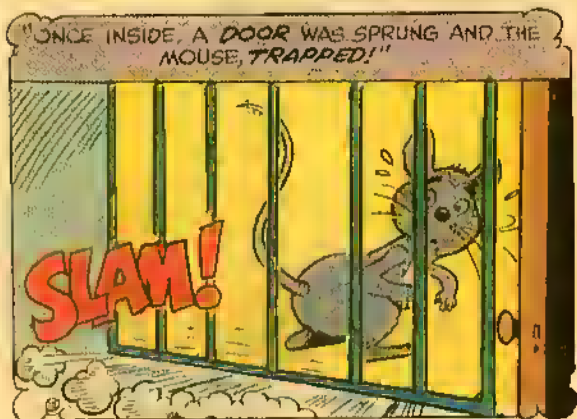
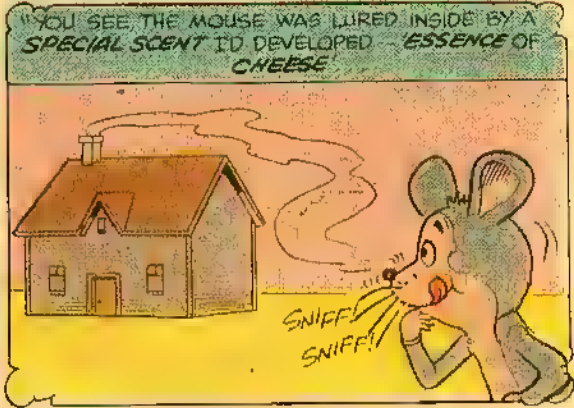
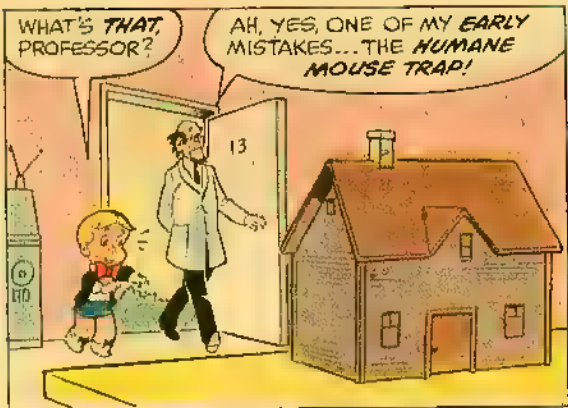




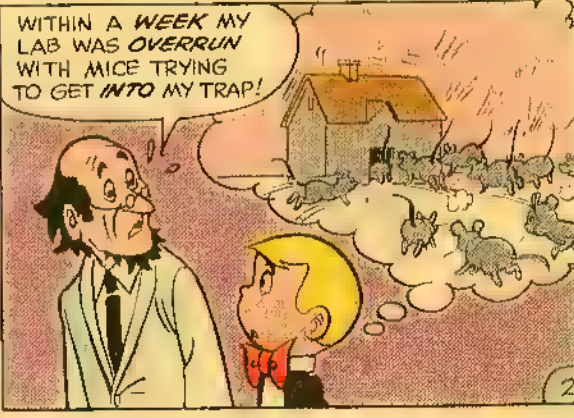
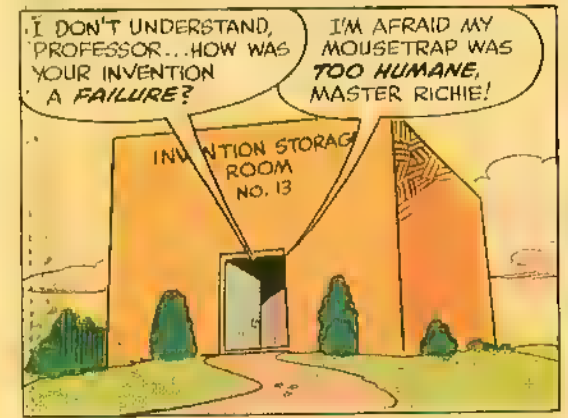
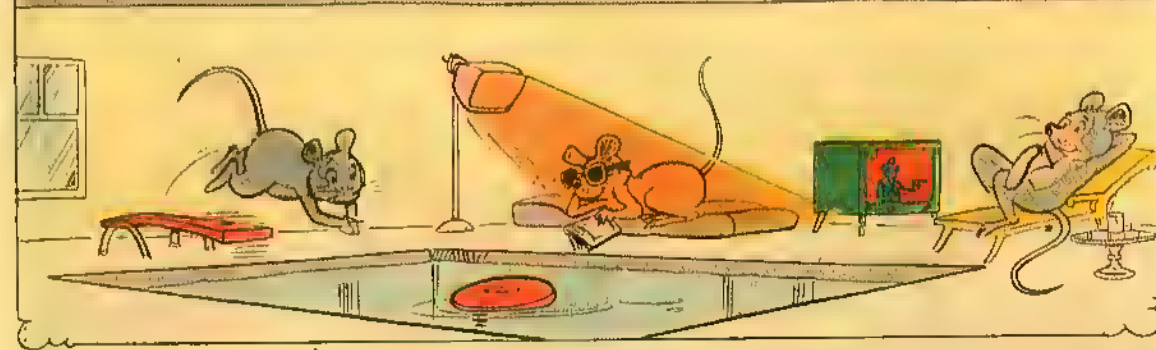
RICHIE RICH THE PROFESSOR'S MISTAKES

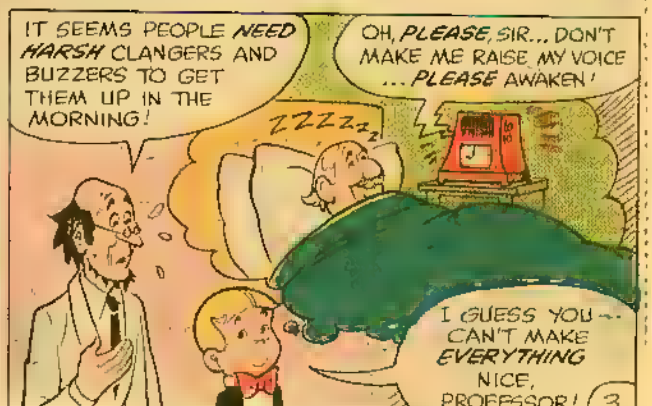
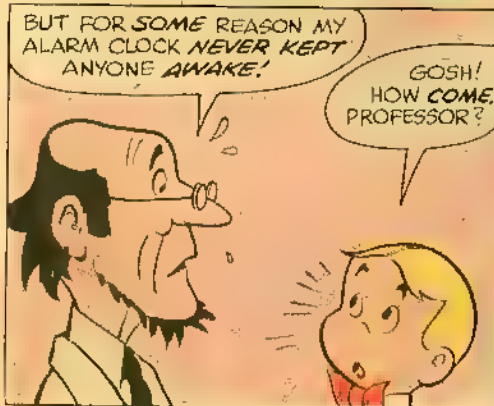
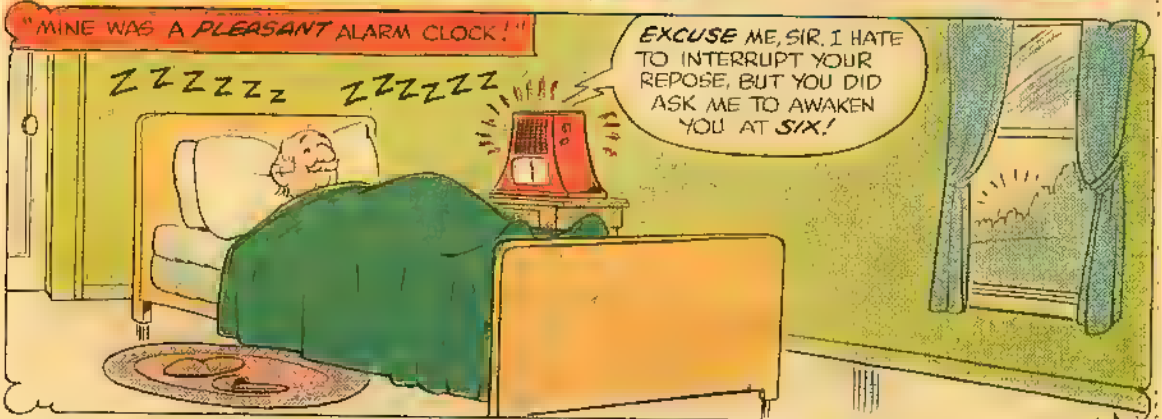
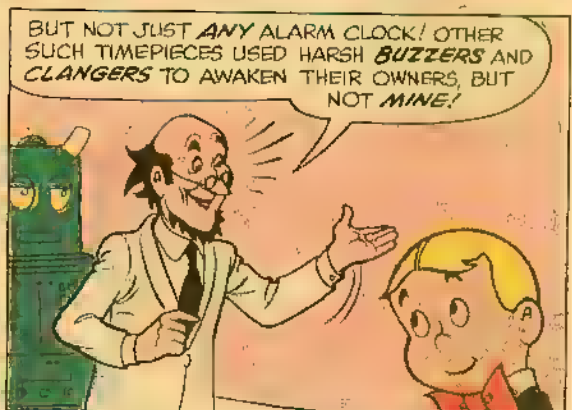
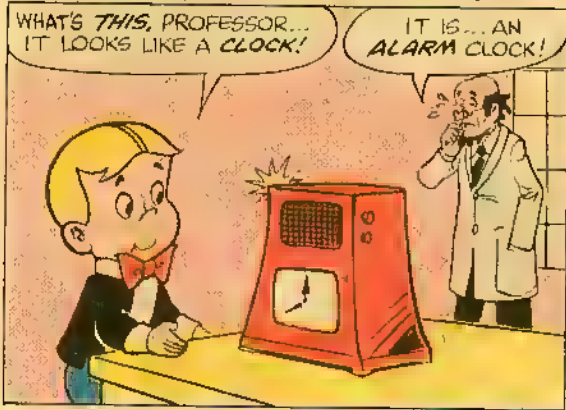
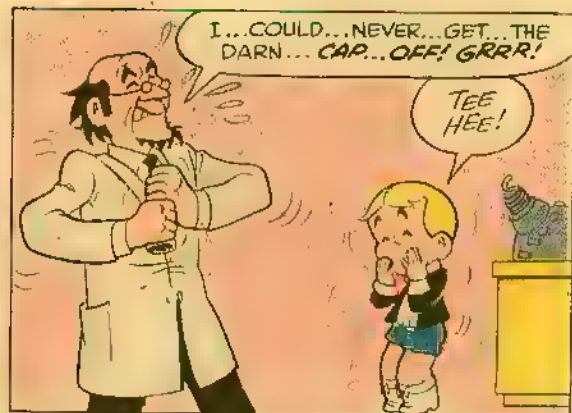
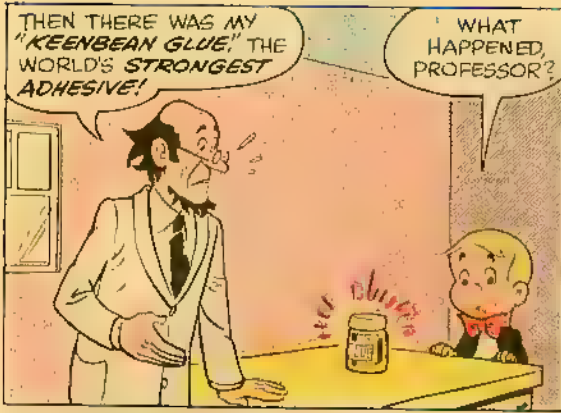
THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

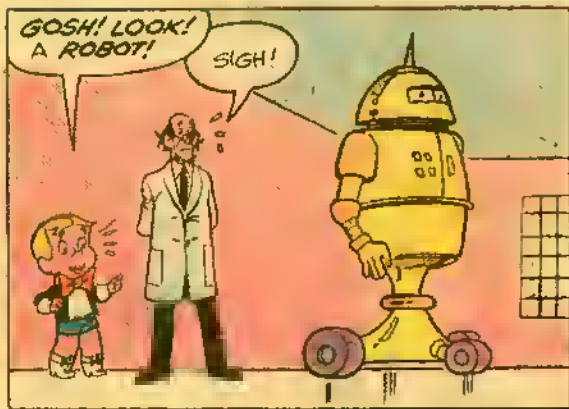




"OH, I SUCCEEDED ONLY TOO WELL! MY MOUSETRAP PROVIDED ITS PRISONERS WITH TINY COLOR TV SETS, MINI-SUNLAMPS, BEACH CHAIRS AND A MOUSE-SIZED SWIMMING POOL!"

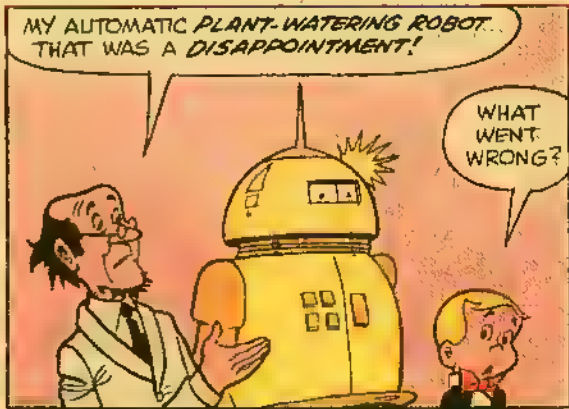






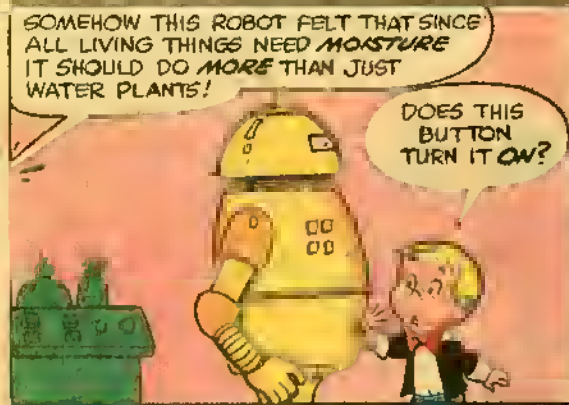
GOSH! LOOK!
A ROBOT!

SIGH!



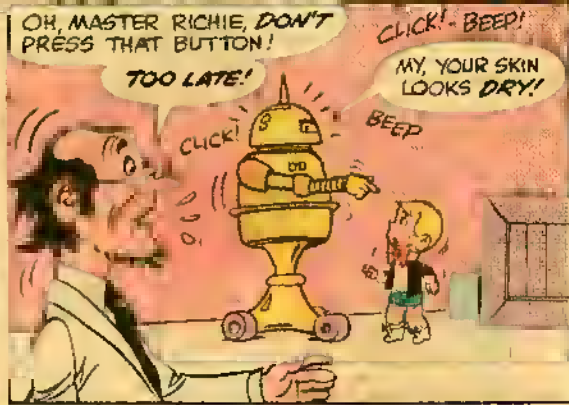
MY AUTOMATIC PLANT-WATERING ROBOT...
THAT WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT!

WHAT
WENT
WRONG?



SOMEHOW THIS ROBOT FELT THAT SINCE
ALL LIVING THINGS NEED MOISTURE
IT SHOULD DO MORE THAN JUST
WATER PLANTS!

DOES THIS
BUTTON
TURN IT ON?



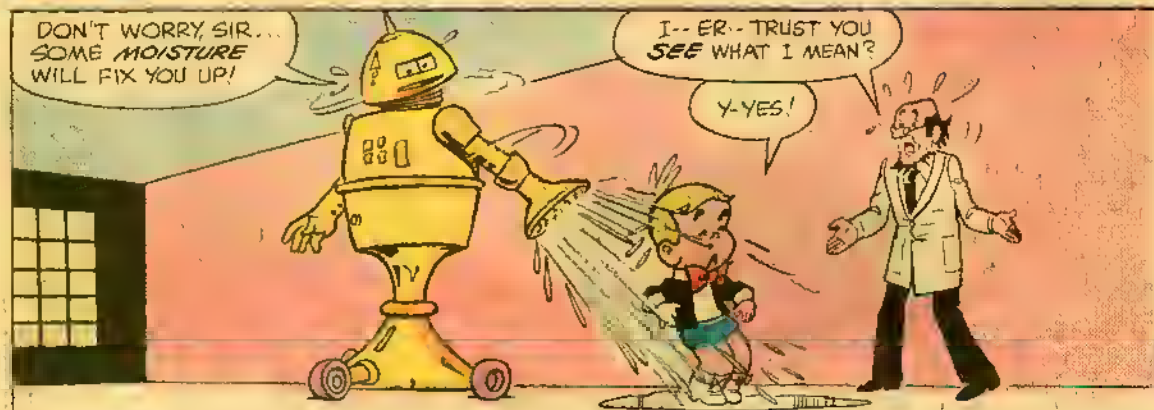
OH, MASTER RICHIE, DON'T
PRESS THAT BUTTON!
TOO LATE!

CLICK! BEEP!

MY, YOUR SKIN
LOOKS DRY!

CLICK!

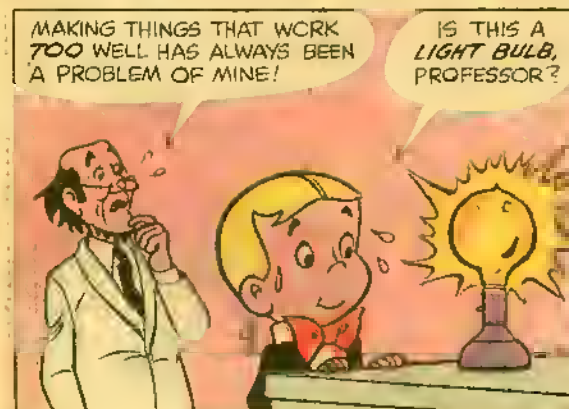
BEEP



DON'T WORRY, SIR...
SOME MOISTURE
WILL FIX YOU UP!

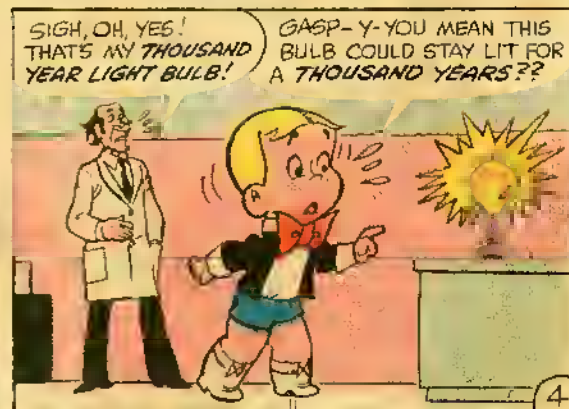
I-- ER-- TRUST YOU
SEE WHAT I MEAN?

Y-YES!



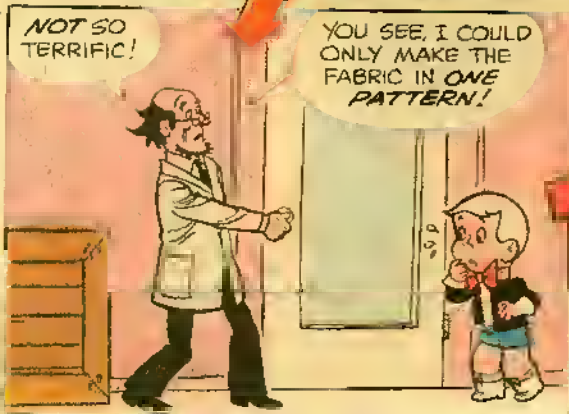
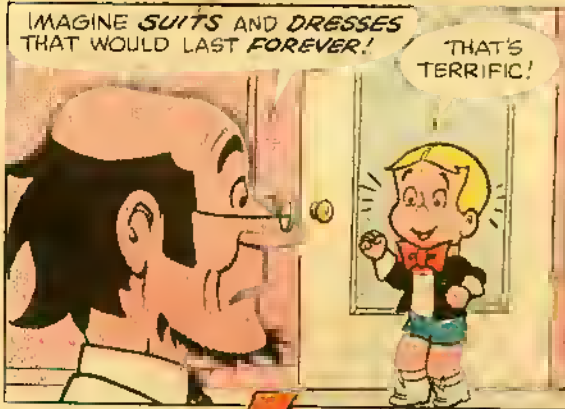
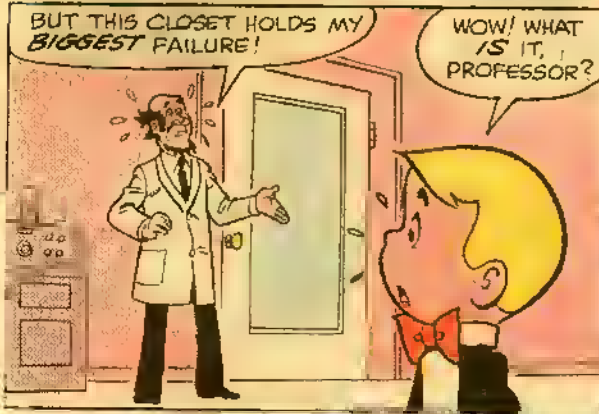
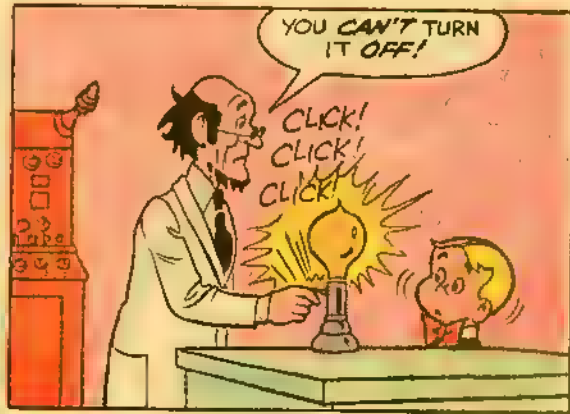
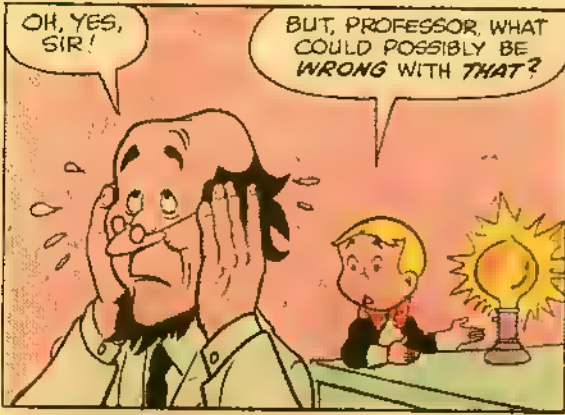
MAKING THINGS THAT WORK
TOO WELL HAS ALWAYS BEEN
A PROBLEM OF MINE!

IS THIS A
LIGHT BULB,
PROFESSOR?



SIGH, OH, YES!
THAT'S MY THOUSAND
YEAR LIGHT BULB!

GASP-- Y-- YOU MEAN THIS
BULB COULD STAY LIT FOR
A THOUSAND YEARS??



RICHIE RICH in DOLLAR'S PROBLEM

"Rowfff!"

There it was again. Richie rubbed his eyes, looked at the clock alongside of his bed, and exclaimed; "Oh, my gosh, it's three thirty a.m."

Just as heard again—"Rowfff!"

"Can that be Dollar barking in the middle of the night?" Richie put on his bathrobe and decided to track down where that "Rowfff" was coming from. It wasn't difficult because it kept coming. "Rowfff... Rowfff... Rowfff!"

And sure enough in the middle of Kitchen 3-A there sat a tired, bedraggled and very awake Dollar.

"Dollar, what's the matter?" asked a sympathetic Richie.

All the dog could say was: "Rowff. Rowff." Then he forced a smile and started to dazedly walk about.

"Dollar," said Richie. "What's the matter? Don't you want to go to sleep?"

The dollarmatian shook his head.

"Can't fall asleep, eh?"

The dog nodded yes.

"Oh, dear," a voice suddenly spoke. It was Cadbury, the family's butler. "He's awakened the mawster."

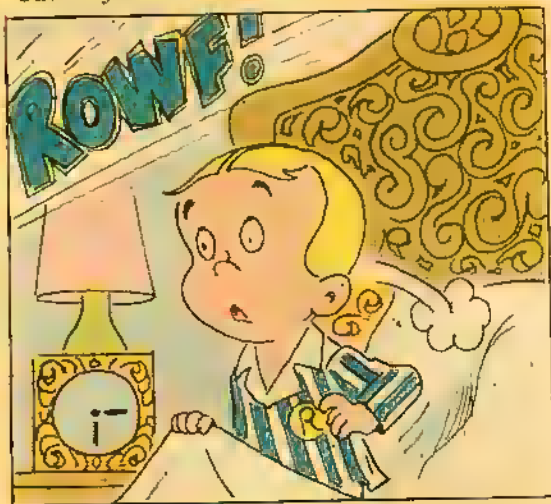
"Oh, Cadbury, it's all right. But poor Dollar seems to be having a sleeping problem."

"Indeed, Mawster Richie. He's been having this problem for almost a week now."

"Really? You mean he hasn't slept for a week?"

"He hasn't slept at night for a week, Mawster Richie. He sleeps during the day and is up all night, sir."

"Oh, poor Dollar." Richie patted the dog, and Dollar looked up and smiled as best he could. "Why do you think this has happened, Cadbury?"



"It seems to be a bad case of jet lag, sir. Dollar, if you recall, just came back from his first trip to Europe. He accompanied your father on a business trip to Switzerland. I believe he was there to see a new species of dog—a Cent Bernard, as I remember. Dollar cannot seem to adjust to our time. He's still betwixt and between their time and ours."

Dollar nodded his head. Yes indeed that was his problem.

"What have you tried to do to help him, Cadbury?"

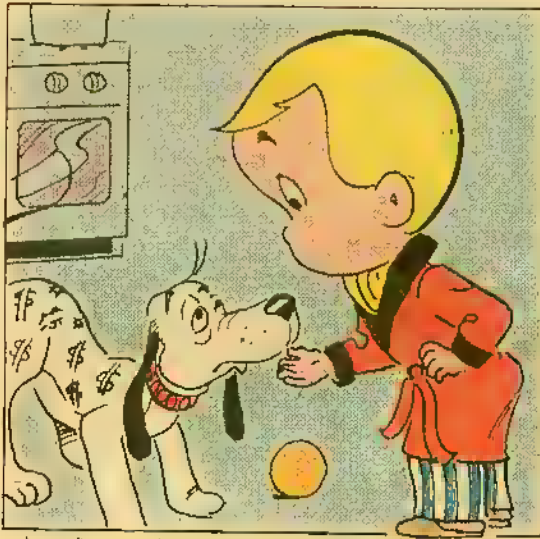
"Everything the veterinarian has suggested, Mawster Richie. We tried giving him pills, it didn't work. We tried some

SAD SACK

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other form of medicine without any success. We tried exercising him a great deal while we could keep him up... to no avail. We hope, as the doctor says, he will soon grow out of it."

Dollar looked up at Richie with the saddest, most soulful eyes. Then he crawled over to a rubber ball that had been lying in the kitchen, picked it up in his mouth and crawled it back to Richie.

"Oh, Cadbury," said Richie almost in tears. "Look! He wants to play ball at four o'clock in the morning. How terrible."

"Rowff!" Dollar agreed.

"Cadbury, we've got to do something. But, what?"

Dollar's eyes were glued now on Cadbury... perhaps he had an answer. When the butler shrugged his shoulders and showed a perplexed face, the dog's eyes shifted to Richie.

"Let's think about this, Cadbury," Richie was saying. "You say that Dollar has not

been able to adjust to the time since coming back from his trip to Europe."

"Yes, Mawster Richie."

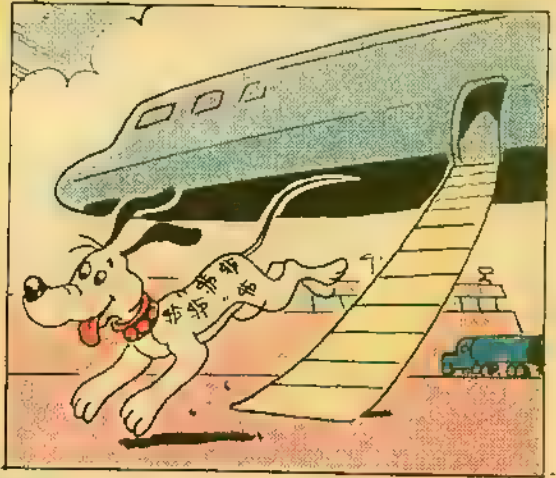
A thought crossed Richie's mind. A slight smile appeared on his face. And Dollar looked up at him... and hoped.

"If Dollar has been living his days at night and his nights by day because of going to Europe, perhaps we can get him back to our time by sending him on a trip in the other direction—to Asia!"

Dollar had never heard of Asia so he had no real idea of what had been suggested. But by the smiles on both Richie's and Cadbury's faces, he knew something good had happened. And by morning Dollar was placed in one of Mr. Rich's super jets aimed for the heart of Asia.

Some days later Dollar trotted out of the plane looking fit and—did you guess?—fully cured!

The only problem was that he fell in love with Chinese egg rolls, soy sauce, fried rice and chop suey... and that's what he ate for the next three months!



CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST



CASPER Says: LOOK FOR ME ON TV - ALL NEW NBC CARTOONS

THE END

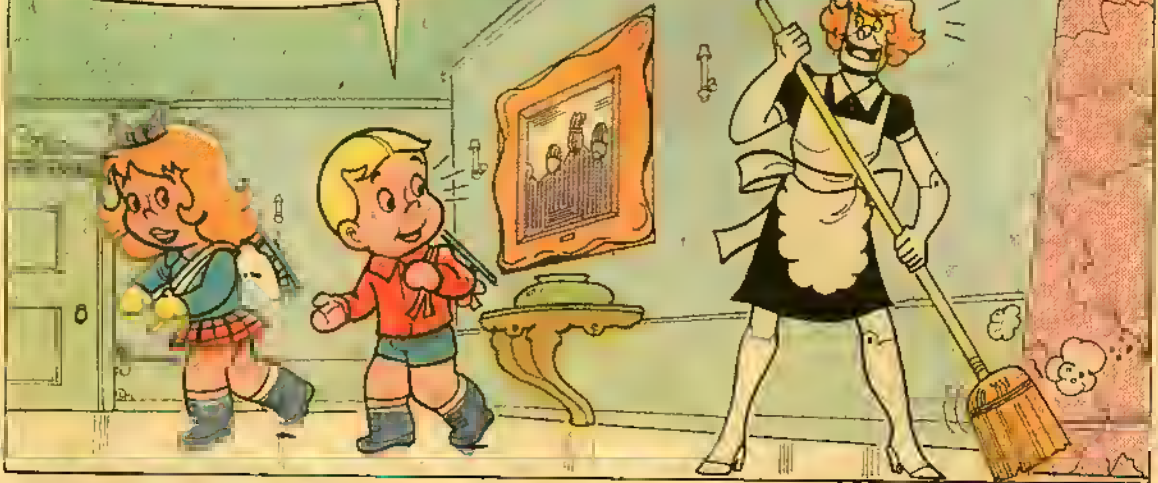
IRONA

THE RICHES' ROBOT MAID

ON THE CLEANING LADY

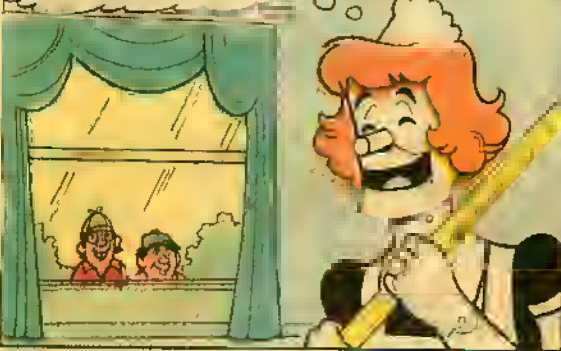
SAY IRONA! HOW ABOUT JOINING GLORIA AND ME AT THE POND? IT'S FROZEN GOOD FOR SKATING!

THANKS, MASTER RICHIE! I'LL BE ALONG AS SOON AS I FINISH CLEANING!



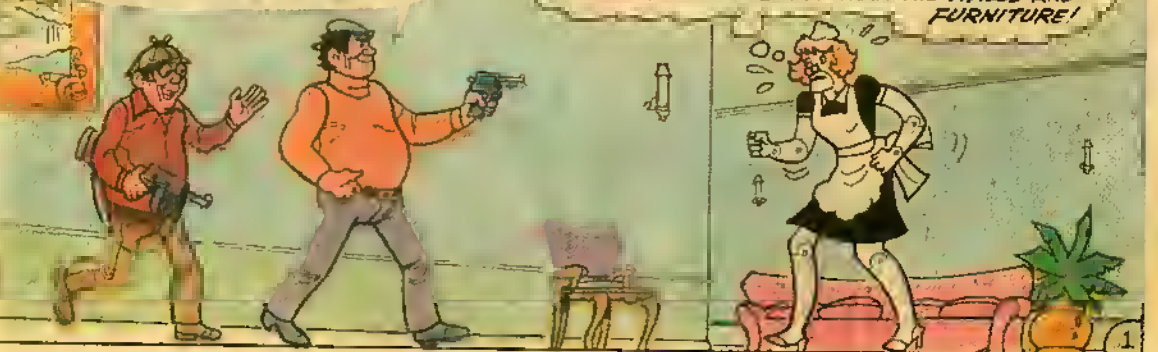
I'LL ENJOY BEING OUT IN THE COLD AIR!

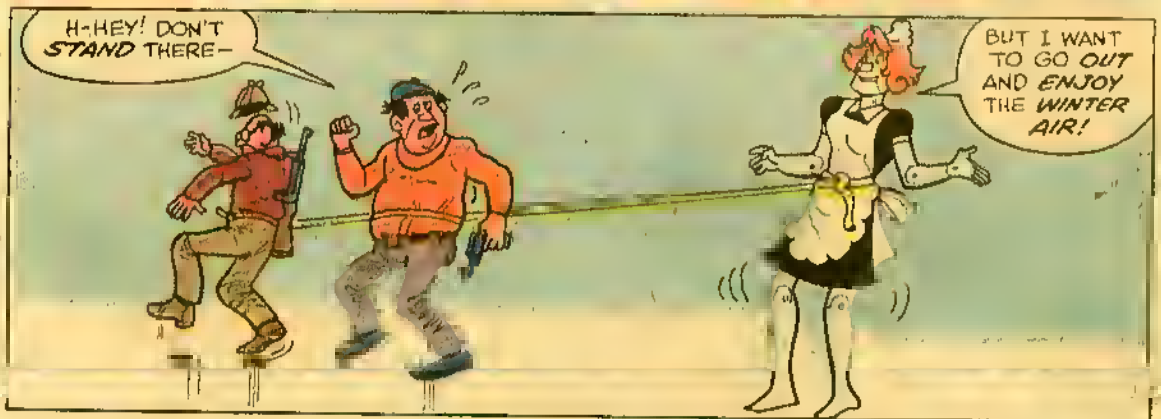
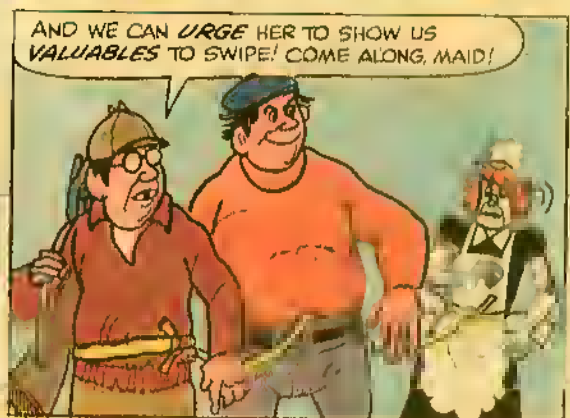
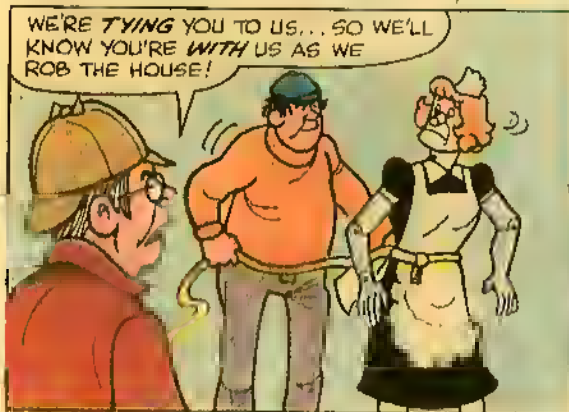
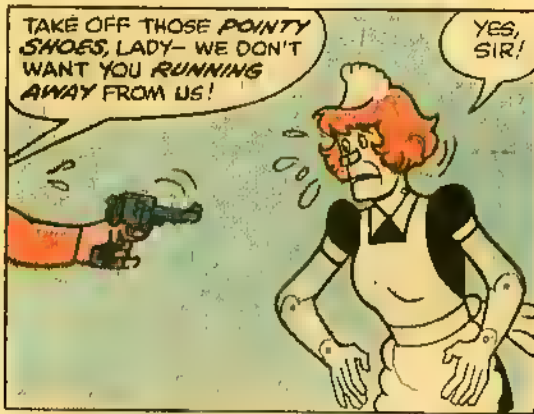
HEY! PIPE THE FUNNY-LOOKING MAID! HEY YUK! HEY YUK!

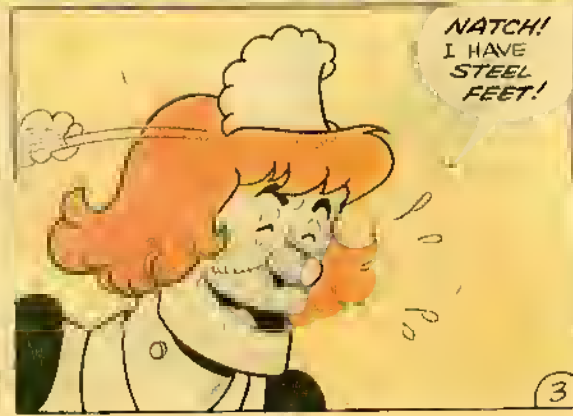
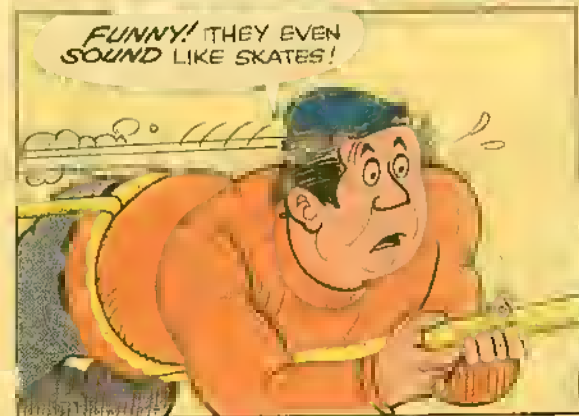
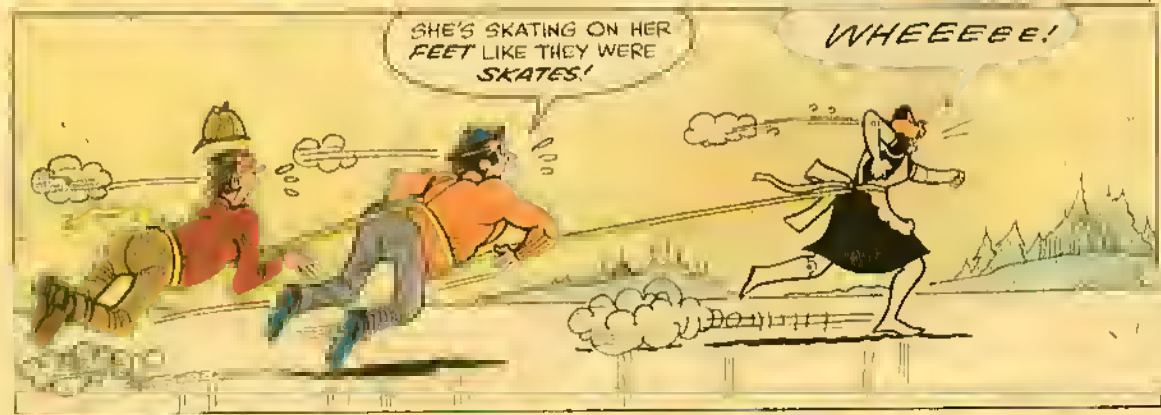
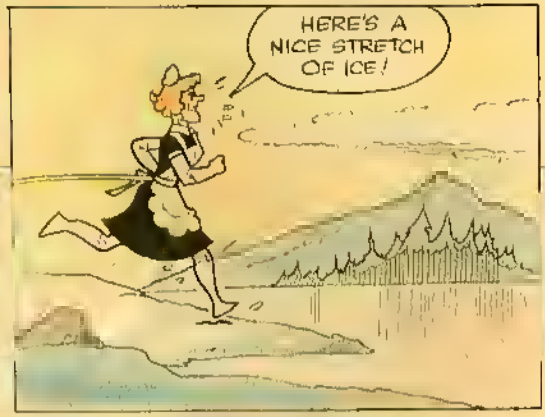
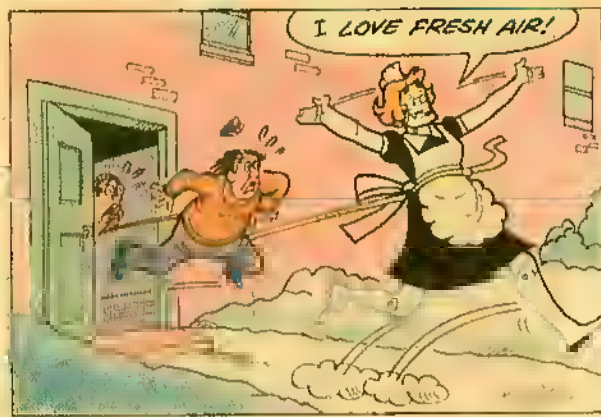
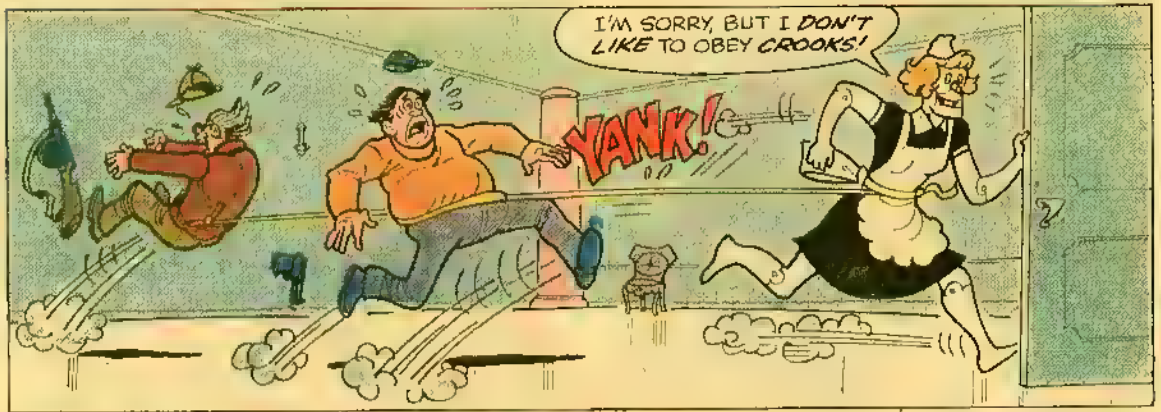


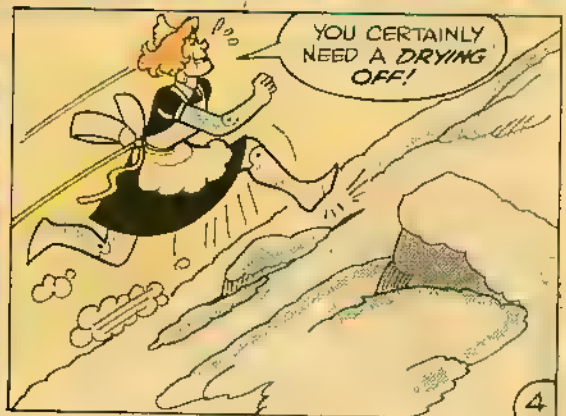
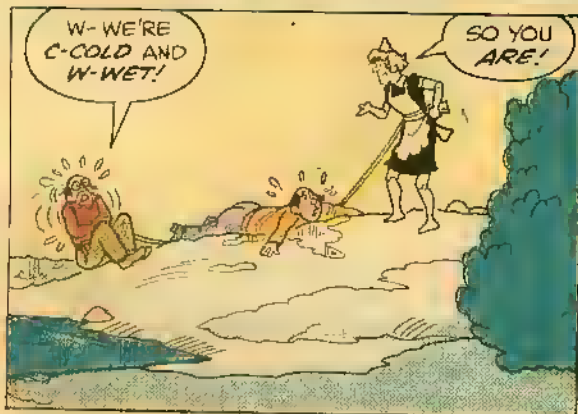
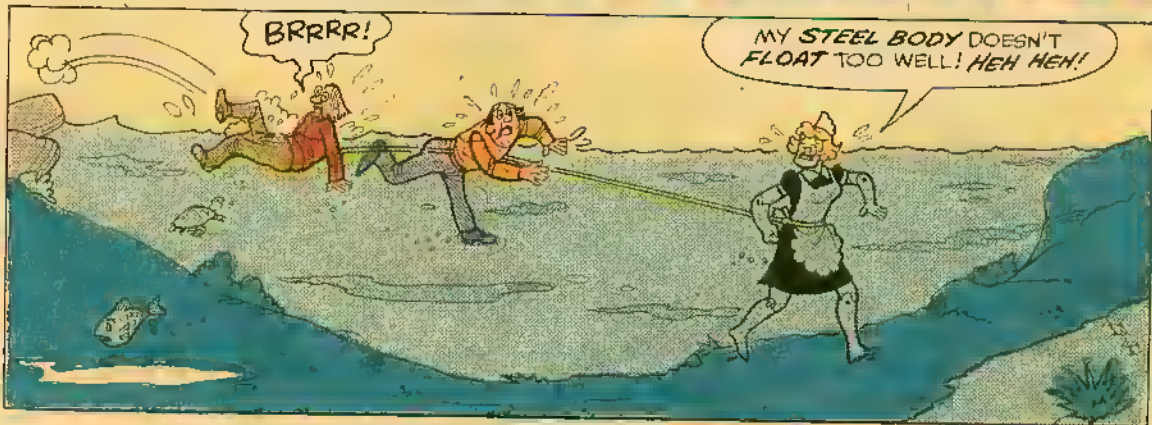
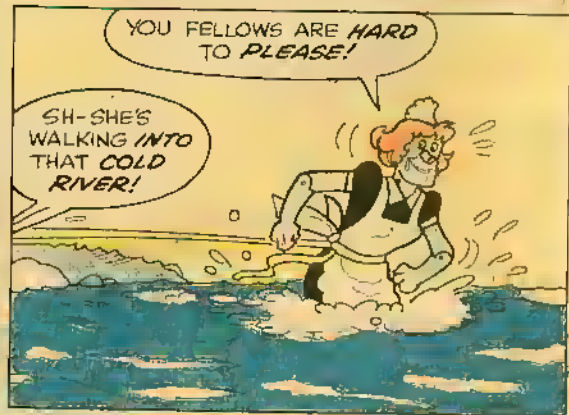
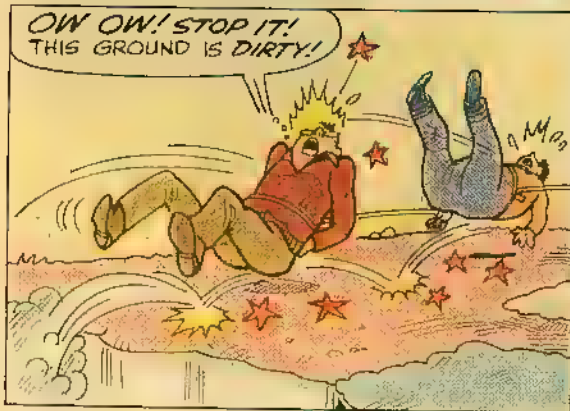
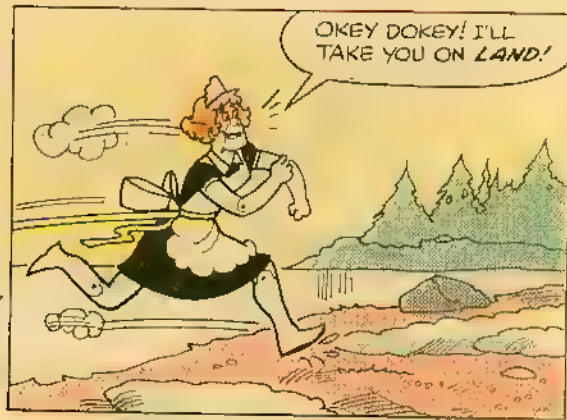
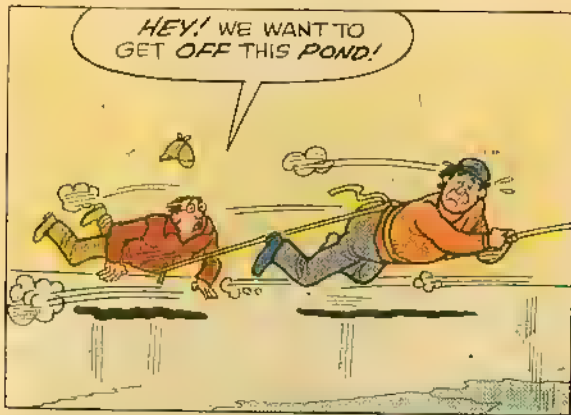
DON'T MIND US! WE'RE JUST GOING TO ROB THE JOINT!

UH-OH! I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT THEM IN HERE. THEIR BULLETS COULD MAR THE WALLS AND FURNITURE!



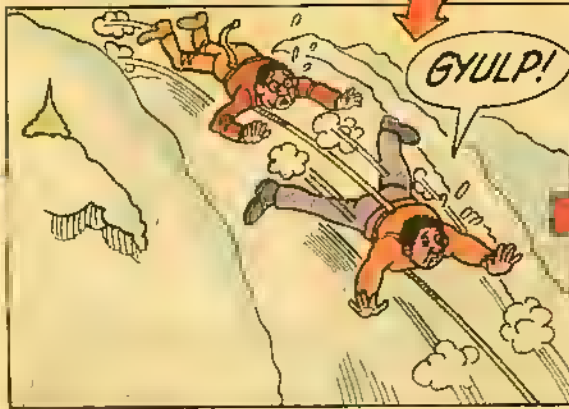








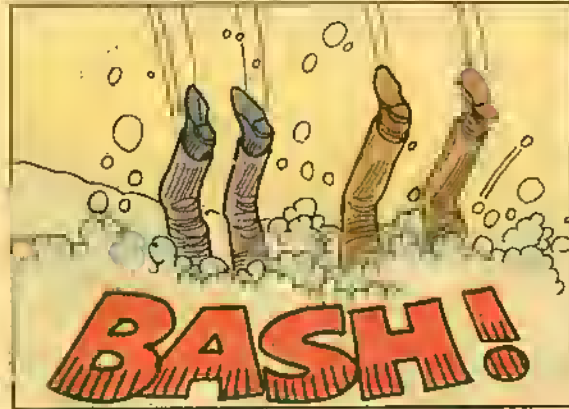
IT'LL TAKE A VERY SHORT TIME!



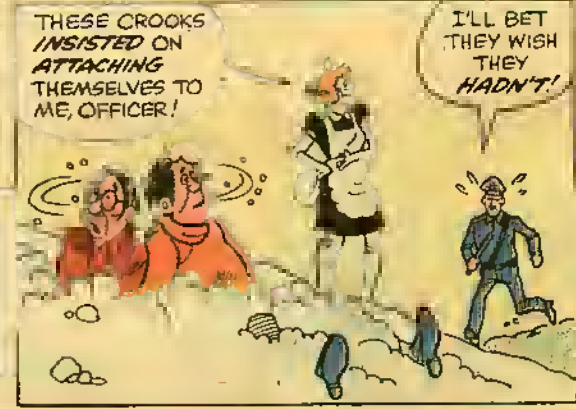
GYULP!



I'LL BET YOU'RE ALL DRIED NOW IN THIS WONDERFUL AIR!

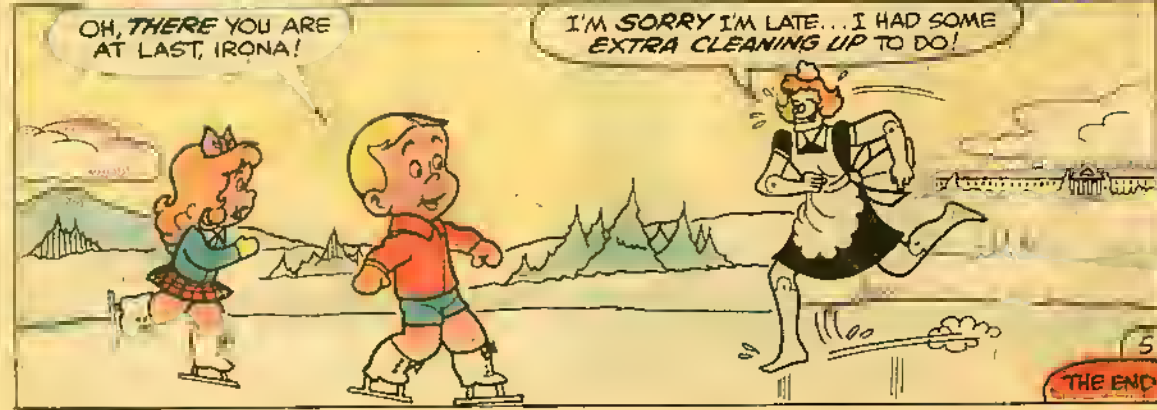


BASH!



THESE CROOKS INSISTED ON ATTACHING THEMSELVES TO ME, OFFICER!

I'LL BET THEY WISH THEY HADN'T!



OH, THERE YOU ARE AT LAST, IRONA!

I'M SORRY I'M LATE... I HAD SOME EXTRA CLEANING UP TO DO!

5
THE END

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